

THE
Careless Husband.
A
COMEDY.

Written by C. CIBBER. *K*

*Yet none Sir Fopling Him, or Him can call;
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and represents you all.*
Prol. to Sir Fop.

Qui capit, ille facit.

THE SIXTH EDITION,



DUBLIN:

Printed by W. Helme, for W. Smith, Tho.
Thornton, and R. Norris, Booksellers in
Dames Street, MDCCXXIII.



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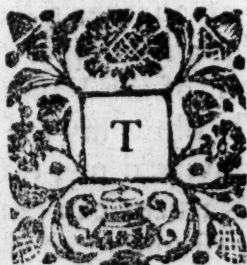


To the Most Illustrious

J O H N

D U K E O F

A R G Y L E,



HIS Play, at last, thro' many Difficulties, has made way to throw it self at your Grace's Feet: And considering what well meant Attempts were made to intercept it in its Course to so great an Honour, I have had Reason not to think it intirely successful, till (where my Ambition always design'd it) I found it safe in your Protection: Which, when several means had fail'd of making it less worthy of, The Spleen ended with the Old Good-nature that was offer'd to my First Play, viz. That it was none of

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D E D I C A T I O N.

my own: But that's a Praise I have indeed some Reason to be proud of, since your Grace from Evincing Circumstances, is able to divide the Malice from the Compliment,

The best Criticks have long and justly complain'd, that the Coarsness of most Characters in our late Comedies have been unfit Entertainments for People of Quality, especially the Ladies: And therefore I was long in hopes, that some able Pen (whose Expectation did not Hang upon the Profits of Success) wou'd generously attempt to reform the Town into a better **TASTE** then the **WORLD** generally allows 'em: But nothing of that kind having lately appear'd, that would give me an Opportunity of being Wise at another's Expence, I found it impossible any longer to resist the secret Temptation of my Vanity, and so ev'n struck the first Blow my self: And the Event has now convinc'd me, that whoever sticks closely to Nature, can't easily write above the Understanding of the Galleries, tho' at the same time he may possibly deserve Applause of the Boxes.

This Play before its Tryal on the Stage was examin'd by several People of Quality, that came into your Grace's Opinion of its being a just, a proper and diverting Attempt in Comedy; but few of 'em carry'd the Compliment beyond their

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DEDICATION.

their private Approbation : For when I was wishing for a little farther Hope, they stopt short of your Graces Penetration, and only kindly wish'd me what they seem'd to fear, and you assur'd me of a General Success.

But your Grace has been pleas'd, not only to encourage me with your Judgment ; but have likewise by your Favourable Influence in the Bounties that were rais'd for me the Third and Sixth Day, defended me against any Hazards of an entire Disappointment from so bold an Undertaking : And therefore whatever the World may think of me, as one they call a *Poet* ; yet I am confident as your Grace understands, me, I shall not want your Belief, when I assure you that this *Dedication* is the Result of a profound Acknowledgment, an Artless Inclination, proudly Glad and Grateful.

And if the Dialogue of the Following Scenes flows with more easie turn of Thought and Spirit, than what I have usually produc'd ; I shall not yet blame some People for saying 'tis not my own, unless they knew at the same time I owe most of it to the many stolen Observations I have made from your Grace's Manner of Conversing.

And if ever the Influence of your Grace's more shining Qualities should pervade me

DEDICATION.

to attempt a *Tragedy*, I shall then with the
same Freedom, borrow all the Ornamental
Virtues of my Hero, where now I only am
indebted for part of the Fine Gentleman's
Greatness of Birth and Mind, Sweetness of
Temper flowing from the fixt and Native
principles of Courage and of Honour, are
Beauties that I reserve for a farther Oppor-
tunity of expressing the Zeal and Gratitude
of,



My Lord

Dec. 15.
1704.

Your Grace's most Obedient

Most oblig'd and Humble Servant.

COLLEY CIBBER



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PROLOGUE

O *F all the various Vices of the Age,
And Shoals of Fools expos'd upon the Stage,
How few are lasht, that call for Satyr's Rage !
What can you think, to see our Plays so full
Of Madmen, Coxcombs and the droweling Fool ;
Of Cits, of sharpers, Rakes and roaring Bullies,
Of Cheats of Cuckolds, Aldermen and Cullies !
Wou'd not one swear, 'twere taken for a Rule,
That Satyr's Rod in the Dramatick School
Was only meant for th' incorrigible Fool ?
As if too Vice and Folly were confin'd
To the vile Scum alone of Human Kind,
Creatures a Muse should scorn ; such abject Trash
Deserve not Satyr's but the Hangman's Lash.
Wretches so far shut out from Sense of shame,
Newgate or Bedlam only shou'd reclaim ; [tame.
For Satyr ne'er was meant to make wild Monsters
No Sirs,——*

*We rather think the Persons fit for Plays,
Are they whose Birth and Education says
They've every Help that shou'd improve Mankind,
Yet still live Slaves to a vile tainted Mind ;
Such as in Wit are often seen i' abound
And yet have some weak Part where Folly's found :
For Follies Sprout like Weeds, highest in fruitful
And 'tis observ'd, the Garden of the Mind [Ground.
To no infective Weed's so much inclin'd,
As the rank Pride, that some from Affluence find.
A Folly too well known to make its Court
With most Success among the better Sort.
Such are the Persons we To day provide,
And Nature's Fools for once are laid aside.
This is the Ground on which our Play we build :
But in the Structure mu't to Judgment yield :
And where the Poet fails in Art or Care,
We beg your Wonted Mercy to the Player.*

P R O-

PROLOGUE

Upon the last Campaign.

Written by a Person of Quality ; design'd
for the Sixth Day, but not spoken.

A Paying Nation hates the fighting Trade,
And Lingring War in usual Methods made:
When Armies walk about from Wood to River,
And threescore Thousand only get together
To Eat and Drink, Consult, and find the Way
How without Fighting they may earn their Pay ;
When prudent Generals get, by Safeguard giving,
An honest, quiet, comfortable Living ;
But never fight it up to a Thanksgiving.
These manage War with the Physicians Skill,
And use such Means, as neither Cure, nor kill :
Like the wise Doctors, safe by their Degrees,
They give weak Doses but take swinging Fees.
The Trade continuing, which can never end,
While the sick State has any thing to spend.
Thanks then to him who strikes at the Disease,
And bravely tries to set the World at Ease :
For if such fighting last but one Year more,
Two Danube Victories will quit the score,
And soon recruit our almost lavish'd Store.
A happy Peace regains our Treasure lost ;
Our own the Glory, and our Foes the Cost.

No Labour let the Homebred Sparks expect,
But Scorn from Men, and from the fair Neglect.
Beaux, that spend all their Time in soft Lov-making ;
Those tender Souls, whose Hearts are always aking,
Shun 'em ye Fair, prevent their Am'ous boasting ;
Nor poorly yield to idle Talk, and Toasting.
If you have Favours which you must bestow,
Give 'em the Soldiers they deserve 'em now ;
Who make proud Tyrants stoop should only kneel to you.

M. A. C.

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P R O L O G U E.

Minerva guides our General to Fame,
 No Cruelties in War affix his Name,
 Mild in the Camp, by no Success made Vain.
 A gentle Goddess animates his Mind;
 Bold for his Friends, to Conquer'd Foes as kind,
 Design'd by Heaven for ANNA's happy Reign,
 Whose generous Soul seeks only to restrain
 Unbounded Tyranny, and lawless Might,
 Revenge Oppression, and Restore the Right:
 War not her Choice but necessary Fence,
 Truth to promote, and humble Insolence.
 Where-e'er her Influence flies, it Joy creates.
 And Peace and Safety brings to distant States:
 With such Success her Chief begins his Race,
 That his first Battle brightly does efface
 The Tedious Labours of our Modern Wars;
 Out does at once old Soldiers, and the Tars.
 In him no sauntering in the Field we find,
 No Doubt remains where Victory inclin'd.
 His Sword decides; no double Praise is given,
 Where neither Side is pleas'd. yet both thank Heav'n.
 From War he quickly Kingdoms will release;
 Rapine and Rage soon turn to Joy and Peace,
 And by Destruction make Destruction cease.



D R A M A

Dramatis Personæ

M E N.

<i>Lord Morelove,</i>	<i>Mr. Ralph Elrington</i>
<i>Lord Foppington.</i>	<i>Mr. Griffith.</i>
<i>Sir Charles Easy.</i>	<i>Mr. Giffard.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Betty Modish,</i>	<i>Miss Lyddell.</i>
<i>Lady Easy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Lyddell.</i>
<i>Lady Graveairs,</i>	<i>Mrs. Vanderbank.</i>
<i>Edging, Woman to L. Easy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Martin.</i>

SCENE WINDSOR,

THE

THE
Careless Husband.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Easy alone.

L. EASY.

WAS ever Woman's Spirit, by an injurious Husband, broke like mine? A vile, licentious Man! must he bring home his Follies too? Wrong me with my very Servant! O! how tedious a Relief is Patience! and yet in my Condition 'tis the only Remedy: For to reproach him with my Wrongs is taking on my self the Means of a Redress, bidding Defiance to his Follies, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. My uneasy Thought of my continual Jealousie may rize him to a fixt Aversion; and hitherto, tho' he neglects, I cannot think he hates me—— It must be so, since I want Power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an Attempt of making him please—— My Eyes and Tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my Wrongs; nor would I have him think my Virtue cou'd suspect him, 'till by some gross, Apparent Proof of his Mifdoing, he forces me to see—— and to forgive it.

Enter

Enter Edging hastily.

Edg. O Madam!

L. Ea. What's the Matter?

Edg. I have the strangest thing to shew your Ladyship——such a Discovery——

L. Ea. You are resolv'd to make it without much Ceremony, I find? What's the Business pray?

Edg. The Business Madam! I have not Patience to tell you, I am out of Breath at the very Thoughts on't, I shall not be able to speak this half Hour.

L. Ea. Not to the Purpose, I believe; but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of Ease.

Edg. Nay, Madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your Ladyship thinks; there's that will speak to the Purpose, I am sure——a base Man——

[Gives a Letter.]

L. Ea. What's this? an open Letter? Whence comes it?

Edg. Nay read it Madam you'll soon guess——If these are the Tricks of Husbands, keep me a Maid still say I.

L. Ea. *[Looking on the Superscription]* To Sir Charles Easy. Ha! Too well I know this hateful Hand——O my Heart! but I must veil my Jealousie, which 'tis not fit this Creature should suppose I am acquainted with *(Aside)*——This Direction is to your Master, how came you by it?

Edg. Why, Madam, as my Master was lying down after he came in from Hunting, he sent me into his Dressing Room to fetch his Snuff-box out of his Waistcoat Pocket, and so, as I was searching for the Box Madam, there I found this Wicked Letter from a Mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it my Blood rose at him again, methought I could have torn him and beat to Pieces.

L. Ea. Intolerable! This odious Thing's Jealousy of him her self, and wants me to join with her in a Revenge upon him——Sure I am fallen indeed

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The Careless Husband.

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But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. [Aside.]

Edg. Nay, pray, Madam, read it, you'll be out of Patience at it.

L. Ea. You are bold, Mistress; has my Indulgence or your Master's good Humour, flatter'd you into the Assurance of reading his Letters? A Liberty I never gave my self — Here — lay it where you had it immediately — shou'd he know of your Sauciness, 'twou'd not be my Favour cou'd protect you. [Ex.]

Edg. Your Favour! Marry come up! Sure I don't depend upon your Favour! — 'tis not come to that, I hope — Poor Creature — don't you think I am my Master's Mistress for nothing — you shall find, Madam, I won't be snapt up as I have been — Not but it vexes me to think she should not be as uneasie as I? I am sure he is a base Man to me, and I could cry my Eyes out that she shou'd not think him as bad to her every Jot. If I am wrong'd, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his Wife — A conceited Thing — she need not be so easie neither — I am as handsome as she, I hope — Here's my Master, — I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her, or no.

[Walks behind.]

Enter Sir Charles Easy.

Sir Cha. So! the Day is come again — Life but rises to another Stage, and the same dull Journey is before us — How like Children do we judge of Happiness! When I was stinted in my Fortune almost every thing was a Pleasure to me, because most things then being out of my Reach, I had always the Pleasure of hoping for 'em; now Fortune's in my Hand she's as insipid as an old Acquaintance — It's mighty silly Faith — Just the same thing by my Wife too; I am told she's extreamly Handsome — nay, and have heard a great many People say she is certainly the best Woman in the World — why I don't know but she may, yet I could ne-

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ver find that her Person or good Qualities, gave me any Concern—— In my Eye the Woman has no more Charms than my Mother.

Edg. Hum! — he takes no notice of me yet— I'll let him see, I can take as little Notice of him [*she walks by him gravely, he turns her about and holds her, she struggles*] Pray Sir.

Sir Cha. A pretty pert Air that—— I'll humour it—— What's the Matter, Child? Are not you well? Kiss me, Huffy.

Edg. No, the Duce fetch me, if I do.

Sir Cha. Has any thing put thee out of Humour, Love?

Edg. No, Sir. 'tis not worth my being out of Humour at—— tho' if ever you have any thing to say to me again I'll be burn'd.

Sir Cha. Some-body has bely'd me to thee.

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis you have bely'd your self to me—— did not I ask you, when you first made a Fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say I might be sure you would? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old Intrigue with my Lady *Graveairs*——

Sir Cha. So——

Edg. Beside, don't you suffer my Lady to huff me every Day as if I were her Dog, or had no more Concern with you—— I declare I won't bear it, and she shan't think to huff me—— for ought I know I am as Agreeable as she; and tho' she dares not take any Notice of your Baseness to her, you shan't think to use me so—— and so pray take your nasty Letter—— I know the Hand well enough,—— for my part I won't stay in the Family to be abus'd at this rate; I that have refus'd Lords and Dukes for your sake: I'd have you to know, Sir I have had as many Blue and Green Ribbons after me, for ought I know, as would have made me a *Falbalà* Apron.

Sir Cha. My Lady *Graveairs*! my nasty Letter! and I won't stay in the Family!—— Death! I'm

The Careless Husband.

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in a pretty Condition— What an unlimited Privilege has this Jade got from being a Whore?

Edg. I suppose, Sir, you think to use every Body as you do your Wife.

Sir Cha. My Wife, hah! Come hither, Mistress
Edging hark you, Diab. [*Seizing her by the Shoulder*

Edg. Oh!

Sir Cha. When you speak of my Wife you are to say your Lady, and you are never to speak of your Lady to me in regard of her being my Wife—for look you, Child, you are not her Strumpet but mine, therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me;— in the next Place, you are never to suppose there is any such Person as my Lady *Graveains*; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this Letter?

Edg. Its no matter, perhaps.

Sir Cha. Ay, but if you should not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great Piece of Flesh out of your Shoulder? ——— My Dear.

[*Shakes her*

Edg. O lud! O lud! I will tell you, Sir.

Sir Cha. Quickly then——

[*Again.*

Edg. Oh! I took it out of your Pocket, Sir.

Sir Cha. When?

Edg. Oh! This Morning, when you sent me for your Snuff Box.

Sir Cha. And your Ladyship's pretty Curiosity has look'd it over, I presume——ha——

[*Again.*

Eag. O lud! dear Sir, don't be angry—— indeed I never touch one again.

Sir Cha. I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Cha. By steadfastly believing, that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white Neck twisted behind you.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

(*Curtesing.*

Sir Cha. And you will be sure to remember everything I have said to you?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Cha. And now, Child, I was not angry with your Person, but your Follies; which since I find you are a little sensible of—don't be wholly discouraged— for I believe I—— I shall have Occasion for you again—

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Cha. In the mean time let me hear no more of your Lady Child.

Edg. No, Sir.

Sir Cha. Here she comes, be gone.

Edg. Yes, Sir.— Oh! I was never so frighten'd in my Life.

Sir Cha. So! good Discipline makes good Soldiers— It often puzzles me to think, from my own Carelessness, and my Wife's continual good Humour, whether she really knows any thing of the strength of my Forces.— I'll lift her a little.

Enter Lady Easy.

My Dear how do you do? You are dress'd very early to Day; are you going out?

L. Ea. Only to Church, my Dear.

Sir Cha. Is it so late then?

L. Ea. The Bell has just rung.

Sir Cha. Well, Child, how does *Windsor Air* agree with you? Do you find your self any better yet? or have you a mind to go to *London* again?

L. Ea. No, indeed, my Dear; the Air's so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less Company, I could be content to end my Days here.

Sir Cha. Prithce me Dear, what sort of Company would most please you?

L. Ea. When Business would permit it, Yours and in your Absence a sincere Friend, that were truly happy in an honest Husband, to sit a cheerful Hour and talk in mutual Praise of our Condition.

Sir Cha. Are you then really very happy, my Dear?

L. Ea. Why should you question it?

(Smiling on him)

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Sir *Cha.* Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

L. *Ea.* Pshaw!

Sir *Cha.* Nay, the Duce take me if I don't really confess my self so bad, that I have often wonder'd how any Woman of your Sense, Rank and Person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good Qualities.

L. *Ea.* Fie, my Dear,

Sir *Cha.* By my Soul, I'm serious.

L. *Ea.* I can't boast of my good Qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think 'em useless.

Sir *Cha.* Nay, I submit to you — Don't you find 'em so? Do you perceive that I am one Tittle the better Husband for your being so good a Wife?

L. *Ea.* Pshaw, you Jest with me.

Sir *Cha.* Upon my Life I don't — Tell me truly, was you never Jealous of me?

L. *Ea.* Did I ever give you any Sign of it?

Sir *Cha.* Um — that's true — but do you really think I never gave you any Occasion?

L. *Ea.* That's an odd Question — but suppose you had?

Sir *Cha.* Why then, what good has your Virtue done you, since all the good Qualities of it could not keep me to your self?

L. *Ea.* What Occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to my self?

Sir *Cha.* I given you Occasion — Fie! my Dear — you may be sure I — I — look you, that is not the thing, but still a — (Death what a Blunder have I made) — a still, I say Madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been Jealous of me; not that you ever had any real Cause, but I know Women of your Principles have more Pride than those that have no Principles at all; and where there is Pride there must be some Jealousie — so that if you are jealous, my Dear, you know you wrong me, and —

L. *Ea.* Why then upon my Word, my Dear, I don't know that ever I wrong'd you that way in my Life.

Sir Cha. But suppose I had given you a real Cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

L. Ea. It must be a very substantial one that makes me Jealous.

Sir Cha. Say it were a substantial one; suppose now I were well with a Woman of your own Acquaintance, that under pretence of frequent Visits to you, should only come to carry on an Affair with me——Suppose now my Lady *Graveairs* and I were great——

L. Ea. Would I cou'd not suppose it. (*Aside.*)

Sir Cha. If I come off here I believe I am pretty safe (*Aside.*)——Suppose, I say, my Lady and I were so very familiar that not only your self, but half the Town should see it?

L. Ea. Then I should cry my self sick in in some dark Closet, and forget my Tears when you spoke kindly to me.

Sir Cha. The most convenient piece of Virtue sure that ever Wife was Mistress of. (*Aside.*)

L. Ea. But pray, my Dear, did you ever think that I had any ill Thoughts of my Lady *Graveairs*?

Sir Cha. O Fie! Child; only you know she and I us'd to be a little free sometimes, so I had a Mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it: But since I find you very easie, I think my self oblig'd to tell you, that upon my Soul my Dear, I have so little regard to her Person that I need take me, if I would not as soon have an Affair with my own Woman.

L. Ea. Indeed, my Dear, I shou'd as soon suspect you with one as t'other.

Sir Cha. Poor Dear—— shou'dst thou—— give me a Kiss.

L. Ea. Psha! you don't care to kiss me.

Sir Cha. By my Soul I do—— I wish I may die if I don't think you a very fine Woman.

L. Ea. I only wish you wou'd think me a good Wife. (*Kisses her*) But pray, my Dear, what has made you so strangely Inquisitive.

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The Careless Husband.

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Sir Cha. Inquisitive— Whv—a— I don't know, ones always saying one foolish thing or another—
Toll le roll [*Sings and Talks.*] My Dear, what ! are we never to have any Ball here ? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my Dancing again, if I would but practise. Toll loll loll.

L. Ea. This Excess of Carelessness to me excuses half his Vices : If I can make him once think seriously— Time yet may be my Friend.

Enter a Servant

Serv. Sir, my Lord Morelove gives his Service—

Sir Cha. Lord Morelove ! Where is he ?

Serv. At the Chocolate-House ; he call'd me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your Honour he'll wait upon you presently.

L. Ea. I thought you had not expected him here again this Season, my Dear.

Sir Cha. I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the Resolution of a Man that's in Love.

L. Ea. Is there a Chair ?

Serv. Yes Madam.

(Exit Serv.)

L. Ea. I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

Sir Cha. Ay, poor Soul, for all his Bravery I am afraid so.

L. Ea. Well, my Dear, I han't time to ask my Lord how he doe's now ; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him Dine with us.

Sir Cha. I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at Prayers make her Dine too, but don't take any Notice of my Lord's being in Town.

L. Ea. Very well, if I should not meet her there, I'll call at her Lodgings.

Sir Cha. Do so.

L. Ea. My Dear, your Servant.

(Exit.)

Sir Cha. My Dear, I'm yours. Well ! one way or other this Woman will certainly bring about her Business with me at last ; for tho' she can't make me happy in her own Person, she lets me be

so

so intollerably easie with the Women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair way of being as weary of them too.

Enter Servant and Lord Morelove.

Serv. Sir, my Lord's come.

L. Mo. Dear Charles!

Sir Cha. My dear Lord! this is an Happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at *Windfor* again this Season; I concluded of course, that Books and Solitude had Secur'd you till Winter.

L. Mo. Nay, I did not think of coming my self, but I found my self not very well in *London*, so I thought—a little Hunting, and this Air—

Sir Cha. Ha, ha, ha,

L. Mo. What do you laugh at?

Sir Cha. Only because you should not go on with your story: If you did but see how sillily a Man fumbles for an Excuse, when he's a little ashamed of being in Love, you would not wonder what I laugh at, ha, ha.

L. Mo. Thou art a very happy Fellow—— nothing touches thee—— always easie—— Then you conclude I follow Lady *Betty* again?

Sir Cha. Yes, faith do I: And to make you easie my Lord, I cannot see why a Man that can ride fifty Miles after a Poor Stag, should be ashamed of running twenty in Chase of a fine Woman that in all probability will make him so much the better Sport too. *(Embracing.)*

L. Mo. Dear Charles don't Flatter my Dis Temper, I own I still follow her: Do you think her Charms have Power to excuse me to the World?

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, a fine Woman's an Excuse for any thing; and the Scandal of being her Jest, is a Jest itself; we are all forc'd to be their Fools before we can be their Favourites.

L. Mo. You are willing to give me home, but I can't believe she has the least degree of Inclination for me.

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Sir Cha. I don't know that—— I am sure her Pride likes you, and that's generally your fine Lady's darling Passion:

L. Mo. Do you suppose if I could grow indifferent, it wou'd touch her?

Sir Cha. Sting her to the Heart—— Will you take my Advice.

L. Mo. I have no Relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an Hour, my Life were insupportable.

Sir Cha. I'm sorry for that, my Lord—— but mind what I say to you—— But hold, first let me know the Particulars of your late Quarrel with her.

L. Mo. Why—— about three Weeks ago, when I was last here at *Windsor*, she had for some Days treated me with a little more Reserve, and another with more Freedom, than I found myself easie at.

Sir Cha. Who was that other?

L. Mo. One of my Lord *Foppington's* Gang, the pert Coxcomb that's just come to a small Estate, and a great Perruke—— he that Sings him self among the Women—— What d'ye call him?—— He won't speak to a Commoner, when a Lord's in Company—— You always see him with a Cane dadgling at his Button, his Breast open, no Gloves, one Eye tuck'd under his Hat, and a Tooth pick——*Startup*; that's his Name.

Sir Cha. O! I have met him in a Visit—— but pray go on.

L. Mo. So, disputing with her about the Conduct of Women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she err'd in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any Man could love a Woman, that thought her in the Wrong in any thing she had a mind to, at least if he dar'd to tell her so—— This provok'd me into her whole Character, with as much Spice and civil Malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a Woman of true Beauty, when the Men first Toasted her;

her; so in the middle of my Wisdom, she told me she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud Heart along with me and trouble her no more.—I—bow'd very low, and as I left the Room vow'd I never wou'd, and that my proud Heart shou'd never be humbled by the Outside of a fine Woman.—About an Hour after I whip'd into my Chaise for *London*, and have never seen her since.

Sir Cha. Very well, and how did you find your proud Heart by the time you got to *Hounslow*!

L. Mo. I am almost ashamed to tell you—I found her so much in the right, that I curs'd my Pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think, according to her Maxim, that no Woman could be in the Wrong to a Man that she had in her Power.

Sir Cha. Ha, ha, well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without Trembling I hope.

L. Mo. Not if she receives me well.

Sir Cha. If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you—First, you shall Dine with her.

L. Mo. How! where! when!

Sir Cha. Here! here! at two a Clock.

L. Mo. Dear Charles!

Sir Cha. My Wife's gone to invite her; when you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see by the Ease in your Behaviour, you are still pleas'd in being near her, while she is upon reasonable Terms with you. This will either open the Door of an *Ecclarcissement*, or quite shut it against you—and if she is still resolv'd to keep you out—

L. Mo. Nay if she insults me then, perhaps I may recover Pride enough to rally her by an over-acted submission.

Sir Cha. Why you improve, my Lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

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The Careless Husband. 23

L. Mo. Was it, Faith! Hark you, dare you stand by me?

Sir Cha. Dare I! ay, to my last drop of Assurance, against all the insolent Airs of the proudest Beauty in Christendom,

L. Mo. Nay then Defiance to her—We two—Thou hast inspir'd me, I find my self as valiant as a flatter'd Coward.

Sir Cha. Courage, my Lord— I'll warrant we beat her.

L. Mo. My Blood stirs at the very thought on't; I long to be engag'd.

Sir Cha. She'll certainly give Ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provok'd.

L. Mo. Dear Charles, thou art a Friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir my Lord *Foppington* gives his Service, and if your Honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he's dress'd.

L. Mo. Lord *Foppington*! is he in Town?

Sir Cha. Yes—I heard last Night he was come. Give my Service to his Lordship, and tell him, I shall be glad he'll do me the Honour of his Company here at Dinner. (*Exit Servant.*) We may have Occasion for him in our Design upon Lady *Betty*.

L. Mo. What Use can we make of him?

Sir Cha. We'll see when he comes, at least there's no Danger in him; nor but I suppose you know he's your Rival.

L. Mo. Pish! a Coxcomb.

Sir Cha. Nay don't despise him neither—he's able to give you Advice; for though he's in love with the same Woman, yet to him she has not Charms enough to give a Minute's Pain.

L. Mo. Prithee, what sense has he of Love?

Sir Cha. Faith very near as much as a Man of sense ought to have; I grant you he knows not how to value a Woman truly deserving, but he has pretty just Esteem for most Ladies about Town.

L. Mo.

L. Mo. That he follows, I grant you — for he seldom visits any of extraordinary Reputation.

Sir Cha. Have a care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

L. Mo. To be laugh'd at.

Sir Cha. Don't be too confident of that, the Women now begin to laugh With him not At him. For he really sometimes rallies his own Humour with so much Ease and Pleasantry, that a great many Women begin to think he has no Follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his Youth, and a great Estate, as want of natural Wit: 'Tis true, he's often a Bubble to his Pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the Ladies humble Servant in Love.

L. Mo. There indeed I almost envy him.

Sir Cha. The Easiness of his Opinion upon the Sex will go near to pique you — we must have him.

L. Mo. As you Please — but what must we do with our selves till Dinner?

Sir Cha. What think you of a Party at Picquet?

L. Mo. O! you are too hard for me.

Sir Cha. Fie! fie! what, when you play with his Grace?

L. Mo. Upon my Soul, he gives me three Points.

Sir Cha. Does he? why then you shall give me but two — Hear, Fellow, get Cards. *Allons.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy, meeting.

L. Bet. O H! my Dear! I am overjoy'd to see you! I am strangely happy to Day; I have just receiv'd my new Scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your Opinion of it.

L. Ea.

L. Ea. O ! your Servant, Madam, I am a very indifferent Judge, you know : What is it with Sleeves ?

L. Bet. O ! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is — 'Tis all Extravagance both in Mode and Fancy ; my Dear, I believe there's Six Thousand Yards of Edging in it — Then such an Enchanting Slope from the Elbow — something so New, so Lively, so Noble, so Coquet and Charming — but you shall see it, my Dear —

L. Ea. Indeed I won't, my Dear, I am resolv'd to mortifie you for being so wrongly fond of a Trifle.

L. Bet. Nay now, my Dear, you are ill natur'd.

L. Ea. Why truly, I am half Angry to see a Woman of your Sense, so warmly concern'd in the Care of her outside ; for when we have taken our best Pains about it, 'tis the Beauty of the Mind alone that gives us lasting Value.

L. Bet. Ah ! my Dear, my Dear ! you have been a married Woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the Taste of Mankind : Take my Word, a new Fashion upon a fine Woman, is often a greater Proof of her value than you are aware of.

L. Ea. That I can't comprehend, for you see among the Men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new Fashion, those of the first Sense are always the last that come into 'em.

L. Bet. That is, because the only Merit of a Man is his Sense ; but doubtless the greatest value of a Woman is her Beauty ; an homely Woman at the Head of a Fashion, would not be allow'd in it by the Men, and consequently not follow'd by the Women : So that to be successful in ones Fancy, is an evident Sign of one's being admir'd, and always take Admiration for the best Proof of Beauty, and Beauty certainly is the Source of Power, as Power in all Creatures is the height of Happiness.

L. Ea. At this rate you wou'd rather be thought Beautiful than Good.

L. Bet. As I had rather Command than Obey: The wisest homely Woman can't make a Man of Sense of a Fool, but the veriest Fool of a Beauty shall make an Ass of a Statelman; so that, in short, I can't see a Woman of Spirit, has any Business in this World but to dress—and make the Men like her.

L. Ea. Do you suppose this is a Principle the Men of Sense will admire you for?

L. Bet. I do suppose that when I suffer any Man to like my Person, he shan't dare to find Fault with my Principle.

L. Ea. But men of Sense are not so easily humbled.

L. Bet. The easiest of any; one has ten Thousand times the Trouble with a Coxcomb.

L. Ea. Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more Good-Humour in hopes of a *Tendresse* from my Lord *Foppington*, who loves all Women alike, than would have made my Lord *Morelove* perfectly happy, who loves only you.

L. Bet. The Men of Sense, my Dear make the best Fools in the World; their Sincerity and good Breeding throws 'em so entirely into one's Power, and gives one such an agreeable Thirst of using them ill, to show that Power—tis impossible not to quench it.

L. Ea. But methinks, my Lord *Morelove's* Manner to you might move any Woman to a kinder Sense of his Merit.

L. Bet. Ay! but wou'd it not be hard, my Dear, for a poor weak Woman to have a Man of his Quality and Reputation in her Power, and not let the World see him there? Wou'd any Creature sit new Dress'd all Day in her Closet? Cou'd you bear to have a sweet fancy'd Suit, and never shew it at the Play, or the Drawing Room?

L. Ea. But one wou'd not ride in't, methinks, or harass it out, when there's no occasion.

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The Careless Husband.

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L. Bet. Pooh! my Lord *Morelove's* a meer *Indian* *Damask*, one can't wear him out; o' my Conscience I must give him to my Woman at last. I begin to be known by him: Had not I best leave him off, my Dear? For (poor Soul) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

L. Ea. Now this to me is amazing, how a Man of his Spirit can bear to be us'd like a Dog for Four or Five Years together——but nothing's a Wonder in Love; yet pray, when you found you could not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him.

L. Bet. Why, what won'd you have one do? for my part, I could no more chuse a Man by my Eye, than a Shoe; one must draw 'em on a little to see if they are right to one's Foot.

L. Ea. But I'd no more fool on with a Man I could not like, than I'd wear a Shoe that pinch'd me.

L. Bet. Ay but then a poor Wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a Trifle, as a pair of Shoes, or an Heart upon a fellow's Hands again.

L. Ea. Well! I confess you are very happily distinguish'd among most Women of Fortune to have a Man of my Lord *Morelove's* Sense and Quality so long and honourably in Love with you: For now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a Man of Quality, in Love with the Woman he would Marry: To be in Love now, is only having a Design upon a Woman a modish way of declaring War against her Virtue, which they generally attack first, by Toasting up her Vanity.

L. Bet. Ay, but the World knows that is not the case between my Lord and me.

L. Ea. Therefore I think you happy.

L. Bet. Now I don't see it, I'll swear I am better pleas'd to know there are a great many fool-

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ish Fellows of Quality that take occasion to toast me Frequently.

L. Ea. I vow I should not thank any Gentleman for toasting me, and I have often wonder'd how a Woman of your Spirit cou'd bear a great many other Freedoms I have seen some Men take with you.

L. Bet. As how, my Dear? come prithee be free with me, for you must know I love dearly to hear my Faults—Who is't you have observ'd to be too free with me?

L. Ea. Why there's my Lord *Foppington*? cou'd any Woman but you, bear to see him with a respectful Fleece stare full in her Face, draw up his Breath, and cry—Gad, your handsome?

L. Bet. My Dear, fine Fruit will have Flies about it; but poor things, they do it no harm: For, if you observe, People are generally most apt to chuse that that the Flies have been busie with ha, ha, ha.

L. Ea. Thou art a strange giddy Creature.

L. Bet. That may be from so much Circulation of Thought, my Dear.

L. Ea. But my Lord *Foppington's* Married, and one wou'd not fool with him for his Lady's sake; it may make her uneasie and—

L. Bet. Poor Creature, her Pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any Notice of it to me; tho' I know she hates me in her Heart, and I can't endure malicious People, so I us'd to dine there once a Week, purely to give her Disorder; if you had but seen, when my Lord and I fool'd a little, the Creature look'd so ugly.

L. Ea. But I should not think my Reputation safe my Lord *Foppington's* a Man that talks often of his Amours, but seldom speaks of Favours that are refus'd him.

L. Bet. Pshaw! will any thing a Man says make a Woman less agreeable? Will his Talking spoil one's Complexion, or put ones Hair out of Order—

—and

—and for Reputation, look you my Dear, take it for a Rule, that as among the lower Rank of People, no Woman wants Beauty that has Fortune; so amongst People of Fortune, no Woman wants Virtue that has Beauty: But an Estate and Beauty join'd, is of an unlimited, nay a Power Pontifical makes one not only Absolute, but Infallible—A fine Woman's never in the wrong, or if we were, 'tis not the strength of a poor Creature's Reason that can unsettle him—O! how I love to hear a Wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a—

“Yet for the Plague of human Race,

“This Devil has an Angel's Face.

L. Ea. At this rate, I don't see you allow Reputation to be at all Essential to a fine Woman.

L. Bet. Just as much as Honour to a great Man: Power always is above Scandal: Don't you hear People say the King of France owes most of his Conquests to breaking his Word; and wou'd not the Confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only to go to War with Reproaches? Indeed my Dear, that Jewel Reputation is a very fanciful Business; one shall not see an homely Creature in Town, but wears it her Mouth as monstrously as Indians do Bobs at their Lips and it really becomes them just alike.

L. Ea. Have a care, my Dear, of trusting too far to Power alone: For nothing is more ridiculous than the Fall of Pride, and Woman's Pride at best may be suspected to be more a Distrust, than a real Contempt of Mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving Husband is certainly our best Happiness? and I don't question but my Lord Forelove's Merit, in a little time, will make you sink so too; for what ever Ails you give your self to the World, I am sure your Heart don't want good Nature.

L. Bet. You are mistaken, I am very ill natur'd, and your good Humour won't let you see it.

L. Ea. Then to give me a Proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and Dine with me, after I have Promis'd Sir Charles to bring you.

L. Bet. Pray don't ask me.

L. Ea. Why?

L. Bet. Because, to let you see I hate good Nature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the Malice to say I did you a Favour.

L. Ea. Thou art a mad Creature.

(*Exeunt Arm in Arm.*)

SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

L. Morelove and Sir Charles at Piquet.

Sir Cha. Come, my Lord, one Single Game for the Tout, and so have done

L. Mo. No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em: ill Cards are the dullest Company in the World—How much is it?

Sir Cha. Three Parties.

L. Mo. Fifteen Pound—— very well.

(*While L. Mo. counts out his Money, a Servant gives Sir Charles a Letter, which he reads to himself.*)

Sir Cha. (*To the Servant.*) Give my Service, for I have Company Dines with me, if I have time, I'll call there in the Afternoon—— ha, ha, ha,

(*Exit Servant.*)

L. Mo. What's the Matter?—— There——

(*Paying the Money.*)

Sir Cha. The old Affair—— my Lady Gravecaire.

L. Mo. O! prithee, how does that go on?

Sir Cha. As agreeably as a Chancery Suit: For now it's come to the intollerable Plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may see——

(*Giving the Letter.*)

L. Mo. (*Reads*) "Your Behaviour since I came to Windsor, has convinc'd me of your Villainy without my being surpriz'd, or angry at it."

The Careless Husband.

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" I desire you would let me see you at my
" Lodgings immediately, where I shall have
" a better Opportunity to convince you, that
" I never can, or positively will be as I have
" been, Yours, &c.

A very whimsical Letter ! — Faith I think she
has had hard luck with you ; if a Man were oblig'd
to have a Mistress, her Person and Condition seem
to be cut out for the Ease of a Lover : for she's
a Young, Handsome, Wild, Welljoynured Wi-
dow — But what's your Quarrel ?

Sir Cha. Nothing — she sees the Coolness hap-
pens to be first on my side, and her Business with
me now, I suppose, is to convince me, how heart-
ily she's vex'd, that she was not beforehand with
me.

L. Mo. Her Pride and your indifference must
occasion a Pleasant Scene sure ; what do you in-
tend to do ?

Sir Cha. Treat her with a cool Familiar Air, till
I pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take
her at her Word.

L. Mo. Very Gallant and provoking.

(Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington ——— (Exit.

Sir Cha. O — now, my Lord, if you have a mind
to be let into the Mystery of making Love without
Pain — here's one that's a Master of the Art, and
shall declaim to you —

Enter Lord Foppington.

My dear Lord Foppington ! — —

L. Fop. My Dear Agreeable ! *Que Je t'embrasse !*
Pard ! Il y a Cent Ans que Je ne T'ay veu — my
Lord, I am your Lordship's most Obedient Hum-
ble Servant.

L. Mo. My Lord, I kiss your Hands ——— I
hope we shall have you here some Time ; you seem
to have laid in a Stock of Health to be in at the Di-
visions of the Place. ——— You look extream-
angry at it — Well.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. To see ones Friends look so, my Lord, may easily give a *Vermeille* to ones Complexion.

Sir Cha. Lovers in Hope, my Lord, always have a visible *Brillant* in their Eyes and Air.

L. Fop. What dost thou mean *Charles*!

Sir Cha. Come, come, confess what really brought you to *Windsor*, now you have no Business there.

L. Fop. Why two Hours, and Six of the best Nags in Christendom. or the Devil drive me.

L. Mo. You make haste my Lord.

L. Fop. My Lord I always fly when I pursue — But they are well kept indeed — I love to have Creatures go as I bid 'em; you have seen 'em, *Charles*, but so has all the World; *Foppington's* Long-Tails are known in every Road in *England*.

Sir Cha. Well, my Lord, but how came they to bring you this Road? You don't use to take these irregular Jaunts without some Design in your Head of having more than nothing to do.

L. Fop. Pshaw! Pox! prithee *Charles*, thou knowest I am a Fellow sans Consequence, be where I will.

Sir Cha. Nay, nay, this is too much among Friends, my Lord; come, come — we must have it, your real Business here?

L. Fop. Why then, *Entre Nous*, there is a certain *Fille de Joye* about the Court here that loves Winning at Cards beter than all the fine things I have been able to say to her, — so I have brought an odd Thousand Bill in my Pocket, that I design *Tete a Tete*, to play off with her at Piquet or so; and now the Business is out.

Sir Cha. Ah! and a very good Business too my Lord.

L. Fop. If it be well done, *Charles* —

Sir Cha. That's as you manage your Cards, my Lord.

L. Mo. This must be a Woman of Consequence, by the value you set upon her Favours.

Sir Cha. O! Nothing's above the Price of a fine Woman.

L. Fop.

The Careless Husband. 33

L. Fop. Nay, look you, Gentlemen, the Price may n't happen to be altogether so high neither — For I fancy I know enough of the Game, to make it but an even Bet I get her for nothing.

L. Mo. How so, my Lord?

L. Fop. Because, if she happen to lose a good Sum to me, I shall buy her with her own Money.

L. Mo. That's new, I confess.

L. Fop. You know *Charles*, 'tis not impossible but I may be five Hundred Pound deep with her, — when Bills may fall short, and the Devil's in't if I want Assurance to ask her to pay me some way or other.

Sir Cha. And a Man must be a Churl indeed, that won't take a Lady's Personal Security; ha, ha, ha.

L. Fop. Heh, heh, heh, thou art a Devil *Charles*.

L. Mo. Death! how happy is this Coxcomb?

[*Aside.*]

L. Fop. But to tell you the Truth, Gentlemen — I had another pressing Temptation that brought me hither, which was — my Wife.

L. Mo. That's kind indeed, my Lady has been here this Month, she'll be glad to see you.

L. Fop. That I don't know; for I design this Afternoon to send her to *London*.

L. Mo. What! the same Day you come, my Lord? that would be Cruel.

L. Fop. Ay, but it will be mighty Convenient, for she is positively of no manner of use in my Affairs.

L. Mo. That's your Fault, the Town thinks her very Deserving Woman.

L. Fop. If she were a Woman of the Town, perhaps I shou'd think so too: But she happens to be my Wife, and when a Wife is once given to serve more than her Husband's Inclinations can, in my Mind she has no Me it at all.

L. Mo. She's extreamly well bred, and of a very prudent Conduct.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. Um—— ay—— the Woman's proud enough.

L. Mo. Add to this, all the World allows her handsome.

L. Fop. The World's extreamly civil, my Lord; and I should take it as a Favour done to me, if they cou'd find an Expedient to unmarry the poor Woman from the only Man in the World that can't think her handsome.

L. Mo. I believe there are a great many in the World that are sorry 'tis not in their Power to unmarry her.

L. Fop. I am a great many in the World's very Humble Servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their Power, their High and Mighty Wisdoms may command me at a Quarter of an Hour's warning.

L. Mo. Pray my Lord, what did you marry for?

L. Fop. To pay my Debts at Play, and disinherit my younger Brother.

L. Mo. But there are some Things due to a Wife.

L. Fop. And there are some Debts I don't Care to pay—— to both which I plead Husband and my Lord.

L. Mo. If I shou'd do so, I'd expect to have my own Coach stop'd in the Street, and to meet my Wife with the Windows up in a Hackney.

L. Fop. Then wou'd I put in Bail, and order a Separate Maintenance.

L. Mo. So pay double the Sum of the Debt and be married for nothing.

L. Fop. Now I think deferring a Dun, and getting rid of ones Wife, are two the most agreeable Sweets in the Liberties of an *English* Subject.

L. Mo. If I were married I wou'd as soon part from my Estate as my Wife.

L. Fop. Now I wou'd not, Sun-burn me if I wou'd.

L. Mo. Death! but since you are thus indifferent, my Lord, why wou'd you needs marry a Woman

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man of so much Merit? Cou'd not you have laid out your Splen upon some ill natur'd Shrew, that wanted the Plague of an ill Husband, and have let her alone to some Plain, honest Man of Quality that wou'd have deserv'd her?

L. Fop. Why saith, my Lord, that might have been Consider'd; but I really grew so Passionately fond of her Fortune, that Curse Catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good Qualities: For to tell you the Truth, if it had been possible the old Put of a Peer cou'd have tosd me in t'other five Thousand for 'em, by my Consent, she shou'd have relinquisht her Merit and Virtues to any of her younger Sisters.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, my Lord, Virtues in a Wife are good for nothing but to make her Proud, and put the World in Mind of her Husband's Faults.

L. Fop. Right Charles: And strike me Blind, but the Women of Virtue are now grown such Ideors in Love, they expect of a Man, just as they do of a Coach Horse, that one's Appetite, like t'other's Flesh, shou'd increase by Feeding.

Sir Cha. Right, my Lord, and don't consider that *Tout jours Chapons Bouilles* will never do with an English Stomach.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha, to tell you the Truth, Charles have known so much of that sort of Eating, that now think, for an hearty Meal, no wild Fowl Europe is comparable to a Joint of Bansteadutton.

L. Mo. How do you mean?

L. Fop. Why, that for my Part, I had rather have a plain Slice of my Wife's Woman, than my guts full of e'er an Ortolan Du chesse in Christendom.

L. Mo. But I thought, my Lord, your chief Business now at Windsor had been your Design upon a Woman of Quality.

L. Fop. That's true, my Lord; tho' I don't think your

your fine Lady the best Dish my self, yet a Man of Quality can't be without such things at his Table.

L. Mo. O! then you only desire the Reputation of an Affair with her?

L. Fop. I think the Reputation is the most inviting Part of an Amour with most Women of Quality.

L. Mo. Why so, my Lord?

L. Fop. Why who the Devil wou'd run thro' all the Degrees of Form and Ceremony, that lead one up to the last Favour, if it were not for the Reputation of Understanding the nearest Way to get over the Difficulty?

L. Mo. But, my Lord, does not the Reputation of your being so general an Undertaker frighten the Women from engaging with you? for they say no Man can love but One at a time.

L. Fop. That's just one more than ever I came up to, For, stop my Breath if ever I lov'd one in my Life.

L. Mo. How do you get 'em then?

L. Fop. Why sometimes as they get other People; I drels, and let them get me; Or, if that won't do, as I got my Title, I buy 'em.

L. Mo. But how can you that professes Indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the Price of a Woman of Quality?

L. Fop. Because you must know, my Lord, that most of them begin now to come down to Reason. I mean, those that are to be had, for some are Fools: But with the wiser Sort, 'tis not of late very expensive; now and then a *Partie Quarrie*, Jaunt or two in a Hack to an *Indian House*, a little *China*, an odd Thing for a Gown, or so, and in three Days after you meet her at the Conveniency of trying it *Chez Mademoiselle D'Eingle*.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, my Lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little Chat, Dish of Tea, *Mademoiselle's* good Humour, and *Petit Chanson* or two; the Devil's in't if a Man

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L. Fop. Meh! heh! well said, *Charles*, I gad I fancy thee and I have unlac'd many a Reputation there——Your great Lady is as soon undress'd as her Woman.

L. Mo. I cou'd never find it so——the Shame or Scandal of a Repulse, always made me afraid of attempting a Woman of Condition.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! I gad, my Lord, you deserve to be ill us'd, your Modesty's enough to spoil any Woman in the World; but my Lord and I understand the Sex a little better, we see plainly that Women are only Cold, as some Men are Brave, from the Modesty or Fear of those that attack 'em.

L. Fop. Right *Charles*——A Man shou'd no more give up his Heart to a Woman, than his Sword to a Bully; they are both as insolent as the Devil for it.

Sir Cha. How do you like that, my Lord?

[*Aside to L. Mo.*

L. Mo. Faith, I envy him——But, my Lord, suppose your Inclination shou'd stumble upon a Woman truly Virtuous, would not a severe Repulse from such an one put you strangely out of Countenance?

L. Fop. Not at all, my Lord——for if a Man can't Mind a Box o'the Ear in a fair Struggle with a fresh Country Girl, why the Duce shou'd he be concern'd at an Impertinent Frown for an Attack upon a Woman of Quality?

L. Mo. Then you have no Notion of a Lady's Modesty?

L. Fop. Ha, ha! let me Blood, if I think there's greater Jest in Nature. I am ready to crack my sides with laughing to see a senseless Flirt, because a Creature happen's to have a little Pride that calls Virtue about her, give her self all the elegant Airs of Resentment and Disdain to an

honest Fellow, that all the while does not care three Pinches of Snuff, if she and her Virtue were to run with their last Favours through the First Regiment of Guards—— Ha, ha, —— it puts me in Mind of an Affair of mine so impertinent——

L. Mo. O! that's impossible, my Lord—— pray let's hear it:

L. Fop. Why I happen'd once to be very well in a certain Man of Quality's Family, and his Wife lik'd me.

L. Mo. How do you know she lik'd you?

L. Fop. Why from the very Moment I told her I lik'd her, she never durst trust her self at the end of a Room with me.

L. Mo. That might be her not liking you.

L. Fop. My Lord—— Women of Quality don't use to speak the thing plain—— but to satisfy you I did not want Encouragement, I never came there in my Life, but she did immediately Smile, and borrow my Snuff-Box.

L. Mo. She lik'd your Snuff at least—— Well, but how did she use you?

L. Fop. By all that's infamous she Jilted me.

L. Mo. How! Jilt you?

L. Fop. Ay, Death's Curse, she Jilted me.

L. Mo. Pray let's hear.

L. Fop. For when I was pretty well convinc'd she had a Mind to me, I one Day made her a Hint of an Appointment; upon which, with an Insolent Frown in her Face (that made her look as ugly as the Devil) she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her Lord should know that she had forbidden me the Houle before—— Did you ever hear of such a Slut?

Sir Ch. intellerable!

L. Mo. But how did her Answer agree with you?

L. Fop. O Passionately well! For I star'd full in her Face, and burst out a laughing; at which she turn'd upon her Heel, and gave a crack with her

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Fan like a Coach Whp, and Bridl'd out of the Room with the Air and Complexion of an incens'd Turkey-Cock. (*A Servant whispers Sir Charles.*)

L. Mo. What did you then?

L. Fop. I——look'd after her, gap'd, threw up the Sash, and fell a Singing out of the Window, ——so that you see, my Lord, while a Man is not in Love, ther's no great Affliction in missing one's way to a Woman.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my Lord; but now let's see how you dare behave your self upon Action——Dinner's serv'd, and the Ladies stay for us——There's one within has been too hard for as Brik a Man as your self.

L. Mo. I guess who you mean——Have a Care, my Lord, she'll prove your Courage for you.

L. Fop. Will she! then she's an undone Creature. For let me tell you, Gentlemen, Courage is the whole Mystery of making Love, and of more Use than Conduct is in War; for the bravest Fellow in Europe may beat his Brains out against the stubborn Walls of a Town——But

——“Woman born to be Controll'd.

“Stoop to the Forward, and the Bold.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Lord Morelove and Sir Charles.

L. Mo. **S**IC! Did not I bear up bravely?

Sir Cha. Admirably! with the best bred Insolence in Nature, you insulted like a Woman of Quality when her Country-bred Husband's Jealous of her in the wrong Place.

L. Mo. Ha, ha, Did you observe, when I first came into the Room, how carelessly she brush'd her Eyes over me, and when the Company saluted me,

me, flood all the while with her Face to the Window? ha, ha.

Sir Cha. What astonish'd Airs she gave her self when you ask'd her, what made her be so grave upon her old Friends?

L. Mo. And whenever I offer'd any Thing in Talk, what affected Care she took to direct her Observations of it to a third Person?

Sir Cha. I observ'd she did not eat above the Rump of a Pidgeon all Dinner Time.

L. Mo. And how she colour'd when I told her her Ladyship had lost her Stomach.

Sir Cha. If you keep your Temper she's undone.

L. Mo. Provided she sticks to her Pride I believe I may.

Sir Cha. Ah! never fear her; I warrant in the Humour she is in, she wou'd as soon Part with her Sense of Feeling.

L. Mo. Well! what's to be done next?

Sir Cha. Only observe her Motions; for by her Behaviour at Dinner, I am sure she designs to give you with my Lord *Foppington*; if so, you must even stand her Fire, and then play my Lady *Grave* airs upon her, whom I'll immediately Pique, and prepare for your Purpose.

L. Mo. I understand you—— the properest Woman in the World too, for she'll certainly Encourage the least Offer from me, in hopes of Revengeing her Slights upon you.

Sir Cha. Right: and the very Encouragement she gives you, at the same time will give me a Pretence to Widen the Breach of my Quarrel to her.

L. Mo. Besides, *Charles*, I own I am fond of an Attempt that will forward a Misunderstanding there for your Lady's Sake: A Woman so truly Good in her Nature ought to have something more from a Man, than bare Occasions to prove her Goodness.

Sir Cha. Why then upon Honour, my Lord,

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The Careless Husband.

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give you Proof that I am positively the best Husband in the World, my Wife—never yet found me out.

L. Mo. That may be her being the best Wife in the World : She may be, won't find you out.

Sir Cha. Nay if she wont tell a Man of his Faults, when she sees 'em, how the Duce should he mend 'em? but however, you see I am going to leave 'em off as fast as I can.

L. Mo. Being tir'd of a Woman is indeed a pretty tolerable Assurance of a Man's not designing to Fool on with her—Here she comes, and if I don't mistake, Brim full of Reproaches—You can't take her in a better Time—I'll leave you.

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Your Ladyship's most Humble Servant, is the Company broke up, pray?

L. Gra. No, my Lord, they are just talking of Basset; my Lord *Foppington* has a mind to Tally, if your Lordship would encourage the Table.

L. Mo. O Madam with all my Heart! But Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it; I'll leave your Ladyship to prevail with him. *(Exit.*

Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs salute coldly and trifle sometime before they Speak.

L. Gra. Sir Charles, I sent you a Note this Morning—

Sir Cha. Yes Madam, but there were some Passages I did not expect from your Ladyship; you seem'd to tax me with some Things that—

L. Gra. Look you, Sir, 'tis not at all material, whether I tax'd you with any thing or no: I don't in the least desire to hear you clear your self, upon my Word, you may be very easie as to that Matter; for my Part, I am mighty well satisfi'd things are as they are; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give your self the Trouble to call at my Lodgings this Afternoon, If you should have Time as you were pleas'd to send me Word—and so your Servant Sir that's all—

(Going.)

D 3

Sir Cha.

Sir Cha. Hold, Madam.

L. Gra. Look you, *Sir Charles*, 'tis not your calling me back that will signifie any thing, I can assure you.

Sir Cha. Why this extraordinary Haste Madam?

L. Gra. In short, *Sir Charles*, I have taken a great many things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer.

——But I see things are in vain, and the more People strive to oblige People, the less they are thank'd for't: And since there must be an end of one's Ridiculousness one Time or other, I don't see any Time so proper as the present, and therefore *Sir*, I desire you'd think of things accordingly——your Servant—— (*Going, he holds her*

Sir Cha. Nay, Madam, let's start fair however; you ought at least to stay till I am as ready as your Ladyship; and then——if we must part——

Adieu ye silent Grots, and shady Groves;
Ye soft Amusements of our growing Loves,
Adieu ye whisper'd Sighs, that fann'd the Fire,
And all the Thrilling Joys of young Desire

(*Aff-dly*

L. Gra. O mighty well, *Sir*: I am very glad we are at last come to a right Understanding; the only way I have long wish'd for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your Design through all your painted Ease of Resignation; I know you'd give your Soul to make me uneasy now.

Sir Cha. O fie, Madam, upon my Word, I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my Power.

L. Gra. O dear *Sir*, you need not take such Care upon my Word; you'll find I can part with you without the least Disorder——I'll try at least and so once more, and for ever, *Sir*, your Servant. Not but you must give me leave to tell you, as the last Thought of you too that I do think——you are a Villain——

Sir Cha.

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The Careless Husband.

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Sir Cha. O your very humble servant Madam—

(*Bowing low.*)

What a charming Quality is a Woman's Pride, that's strong enough to refuse a Man her Favours, when he's weary of 'em—— Ah!

(*Lady Graveairs returns.*)

L. Gra. Look you, Sir Charles—— don't presume upon the Easiness of my Temper: For to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you would let me have what Letters you have had of mine since you came to *Windsor*, and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to *London*.

Sir Cha. Upon my Faith, Madam, I never keep any, I always put Shuffin 'em, and so they wear out.

L. Gra. Sir Charles I must have 'em; for positively I won't stir without 'em.

Sir Cha. Ha! Then I must be civil, I see (*Aside*). Perhaps, Madam, I have no Mind to part with them—— or you.

L. Gra. Look you, Sir, all those sort of things are in vain, now there's an End of every thing between us—— If you lay you won't give 'em, I must e'en get 'em as well as I can.

Sir Cha. Ha! that won't do then I find. (*Aside.*)

L. Gra. Who's there? Mrs. Edging—— Your keeping a Letter, Sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did your Ladyship call me, Madam?

L. Gra. Ay, Child, pray do me the Favour to fetch my Scarf out of the Dining Room.

Edg. Y's Madam——

Sir Cha. O! then there's Hope again. (*Aside*)

Edg. Ha! she looks as if my Master had quarrell'd with her; I hope she's going away in a Huff—— she shan't Ray for her Scarf I warrant her——

It is pure.

(*Aside. Exit Sir in.*)

L. Gra. I hope, Sir Charles, you'll give me

leave now, after all, to ask you ——— why you have us'd me thus ?

Sir Cha. What is it you call Usage, Madam ?

L. Gra. Why then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly Careless and Negligent of me of late ? Only tell me seriously where in I have deserv'd this ?

Sir Cha. Why then seriously, Madam——

Re-enter Edging with a Scarf.

We are interrupted——

Edg. Here's your Ladyship's Scarf, Madam.

L. Gra. Thank you, Mrs. *Edging*—— O lawd pray will you let some Body get me a Chair to the Door.

Edg. Hum ! she might have told me that before if she had been in such haste to go—— [*Exit*]

L. Gra. Now, Sir.

Sir Cha. Then seriously, I say, I am of late grown so very lazy in my Pleasures, that I had rather loose a Woman, than go through the Plague and Trouble of having or keeping her ; and to be free I have found so much, even in my Acquaintance with you, whom I confess to be a Mistress in the Art of Pleasing, that I am from hence forth resolv'd to follow no Pleasure that rises above the Degree of Amusement—— and that Woman that expects I should make her my Business ; why—— like my Business, is then in a fair way of being forgot :——when once she comes to reproach me with Vows, and Usage and Stuff,—— I had as lieve hear her talk of Bills, Bonds, and Ejectments ; her Passion becomes as troublesome as a Law Suit, and I would as soon converse with my Solicitor—— In short, I shall never care Six-pence for any Woman that wont be obedient——

L. Gra. I'll swear, Sir you have a very free way of treating People ; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles however—— and you'd have me be obedient ?

Sir Cha.

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The Careless Husband.

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Sir Cha. Why not? my Wife's so, and I think she has as much Pretence to be proud as your Ladyship.

L. Gra. Lard! is there no Chair to be had, I wonder!

Enter Edging.

Edg. Here's a Chair, Madam,

L. Gra. 'Tis very well, Mrs *Edging* ——— Pray will you let some Body get me a Glals of Fair Water.

Edg. Hamh! her Huff's almost over, I suppose, — I see he's a Villain still. *(Exit.*

L. Gra. Well, that was the prettiest Fancy about Obedience sure that ever was! Certainly a Woman of Condition must be infinitely happy under the Dominion of so generous a Lover! But how came you to forget Kicking and Whiping all this while? methinks you shou'd not have left so fashionable an Article out of your Scheme of Government.

Sir Cha. Um! — No, there's too much Trouble in that, tho' I have known 'em of admirable Use in the Reformation of some humersome Gentlewomen,

L. Gra. But one thing more and I have done — Pray what degree of Spirit must the Lady have, that is to make her self happy under so much Freedom, Order and Tranquility?

Sir Cha. O! she must at least have as much Spirit as your Ladyship, or she'd give me no Pleasure in breaking it.

L. Gra. No; that wou'd be troublesome ——— You had better take one that's broken to your Hand; ——— there are such Souls to be hid, I believe; things that will rub your Temples in an Evening 'till you fall fast a-sleep in their Laps, Creatures too that think their Wages their Reward; I fancy, at last, that will be the best Method for the lazy Passion of a Marry'd Man, that has out liv'd his any other Sense of Gratification.

Sir Cha.

Sir Cha. Look you, Madam — I have lov'd you very well a great while ; now you would have me love you better and longer, which is not in my Power to do, and I don't think there's any Flagon upon Earth like a Dun that comes for more Money than ones ever likely to be able to pay.

L. Gra. A Dun ! do you take me for a Dun, Sir ? do I come a Dunning to you ? *(Walks in a Hiccup)*

Sir Cha. H't ! don't expose your self — here's Company. —

L. Gra. I care not — A Dun ! — You shall see Sir, I can revenge an Affront, tho' I despise it. Wretch that offers it — A Dun ! — O ! I could die with laughing at the Fancy. *(Exit)*

Sir Cha. So ! she's in admirable Order. — Here comes my Lord, and I'm afraid in the very Nick of his Occasion for her.

Enter Lord Morelove:

L. Mo. O Charles ! Undone again ! all's lost and ruin'd.

Sir Cha. What's the matter now ?

L. Mo. I have been playing the Fool yonder even to Contempt, my senseless Jealousie has confessed a Weakness I never shall forgive my self. — She has insulted on it to that Degree too — I can bear the Thought — O Charles ! this Devil still Mistress of my Heart, and I cou'd dash, my Brain to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

Sir Cha. Ah ! how it would tickle her if she saw you in this Condition : Ha, ha, ha.

L. Mo. Pristee don't torture me : Think of your present Ease or I shall burst —

Sir Cha. Well, well, let's hear, pray — what has she done to you ? ha, ha.

L. Mo. Why ; ever since I left you she treated me with so much Coolness and ill Nature, and that thing of a Lord, with so much laughing and such a spiteful Familiarity, that at last she triumph'd in my Uneasiness.

Sir Cha. Well ! and so you left the Room in a pet ; ha !

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L. Mo. O worse, worse still! for at last, with half Shame and Anger in my Looks, I thrust myself between my Lord and her, press'd her by the Hand, and in a Whisper trembling begg'd her in pity of her self and me, to shew her good Honour only where she knew it was truly valued; at which she broke from me with a cold Smile, sat her down by the Peer, whisper'd him, and burst into a loud Laughter in my Face.

Sir Cha. Hi, ha! then would I have given fifty Pound to have seen your Face: Why what, in the Name of Common Sense, had you to do with Humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! I was setting a lighted Match to Gunpowder to blow your self up.

L. Mo. I see my Folly now, Charles — but what shall I do with the Remains of Life that she has left me?

Sir Cha. O throw it at her Feet by all means, put on your Tragedy Face, catch fast hold of her Petticoat, whip out your Handkerchief, and in point blank Verse, desire her, 'one way or other to make an End of the Business. [*In a whining Tone.*]

L. Mo. What a Fool dost thou make me?

Sir Cha. I only shew you, as you come out of her hands my Lord.

L. Mo. How contemptibly have I behav'd my self?

Sir Cha. That's according as you bear her Behaviour.

L. Mo. Bear it! no: I thank thee Charles — you hast wak'd me now; and if I bear it —

what have you done with my Lady *Graveairs*?

Sir Cha. Your Business I believe — She's ready for you, she's just gone down Stairs, and if you don't make Haste after her, I expect her back again with a Knife or a Pistol presently.

L. Mo. I'll go this Minute.

Sir Cha. No, stay a little, here comes my Lord: I'll see what we can get out of him first.

L. Mo.

L. Mo. Methinks now I could laugh at her.

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. Nay, prithee Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee— We have been so *Chagrin* without thee, that stay my Breath, the Ladies are gone half asleep to Church for want of thy Company.

Sir Cha. That's hard indeed, while your Lordship was among 'em: Is Lady Betty gone too.

L. Fop. She was just upon the Wing——but I caught her by the Snuff-Box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

L. Mo. Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only Present she ever would receive from me— Ask him how he came by it?

(Aside to Sir Charles.)

Sir Cha. Prithee don't be uneasy—Did she give it you, my Lord?

L. Fop. Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not, but we were Playing the Fool, and I took it—*a la*—Pshaw! I can't tell thee in French neither, but *Horace* touches it to a Nicety—'t was *Pignus Direptum Male Pertinaci*.

L. Mo. So! but I must bear it—— If your Lordship has a Mind to the Box, I'll stand by you, in the keeping of it.

L. Fop. My Lord, I am passionately oblig'd to you, but I am afraid I can't answer your hazarding so much of the Lady's Favour.

L. Mo. Not at all, my Lord: 'Tis possible I may not have the same Regard to her Frown that your Lordship has.

L. Fop. That's Bite, I am sure—— he'd give a Joynt of his little Finger to be as well with her as I am *(Aside.)* But here she comes! Charles stand by me——Must not a Man be a vain Coxcomb now to think this Creature follow'd one?

Sir Cha. Nothing so plain my Lord.

L. Fop. Flattering Devil!

Enter Lady Betty.

L. Bet. Pshaw! my Lord, Foppington! Prithee don't

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— Sir Charles,, help me to take it from him.

Sir Cha. You know, I hate Trouble, Madam

L. Bet. Pooh? you'll make me stay till Prayers
are half over now.

L. Fop. If you'll promise me not to go to Church,
I'll give it you.

L. Bet. I'll promise nothing at all, for positive-
ly I will have it. *(Struggles with him.)*

L. Fop. Then comparatively I won't part with it.
Ha, ha. *(Struggling with her.)*

L. Bet. O you Devil, you have kill'd my Arm!
Oh! Well——if you'll let me have it, I'll give
you a better.

L. Mo. O Charles! that has a view of distant
Kindness in it. *(Aside to Sir Cha.)*

L. Fop. Nay now I keep superlatively— I find
there's a secret Value in it.

L. Bet. O dismal! upon my Word, I am only
asham'd to give it you; Do you think I wou'd of-
fer such an odious-fancy'd thing to any Body I had
the least Value for?

Sir Cha. Now it comes a little nearer, methinks
it does not seem to be any Kindness at all.

(Aside to L. Mo.)

L. Fop. Why really Madam, upon second View,
it has not extreamly the mode of a Lady's Utensil;
are you sure it never held any thing but Snuff?

L. Bet. O! you Monster!

L. Fop. Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me
to have very much the Air and Fancy of Monsieur
Smackand-Sor's Tobacco box.

L. Mo. I can bear no more.—

Sir Cha. Why don't then; I'll step into the Com-
pany and return to your Relief immediately.

(Exit.)

L. Mo. *(To L. Bet.)* Come, Madam, will your
Ladyship give me leave to end the Difference? —
Since the Slightness of the Thing my let you be-
low it without any Mark of Favour, shall I beg it
of your Ladyship? L. Bet.

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L. Bet. O my Lord, no body sooner ——— I beg
you give it my Lord.

*(Looking earnestly on L. Fop. who smiling gives it
to L. Mo. and then bows gravely to her.)*

L. Mo. Only to have the Honour of restoring it
to your Lordship, and if there be any other Trifle
of mine, your Lordship has a Fancy to, tho' it were
a Mistress, I don't know any Person in the World
that has so good a Claim to my Resignation.

L. Fop. O my Lord this Generosity will distract
me:

L. Mo. My Lord, I do you but common Justice
But from your Conversation, I had never known
the true Value of the Sex: You positively under-
stand 'em the best of any Man breathing, therefore
I think every one of common Prudence ought to re-
sign to you.

L. Fop. Then positively your Lordship's the most
obliging Person in the World, for I'm sure your
Judgment can never like any Woman that is not
the finest Creature in the Universe.

(Bowing to L. Bet.)

L. Mo. O! Your Lordship does me too much
Honour, I have the worst Judgment in the World
no Man has been more deceiv'd in it.

L. Fop. Then your Lordship, I presume; has been
apt to chuse in a Mask, or by Candle-light.

L. Mo. In a Mask, indeed, my Lord, and
all Masks the most dangerous.

L. Fop. Pray, what's that, my Lord?

L. Mo. A bare Face.

L. Fop. Your Lordship will pardon me, if I don't
so readily comprehend how a Woman's Bare Face
can hide her Face.

L. Mo. It often hides her Heart, my Lord, and
therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous
Mask than a Piece of Velvet: That's rather a
Mark than a Disguise of an ill Woman: But these
Mischiefs sculking behind a Beauteous Form, give
no Warning, they are always Sure, Fatal, and
numerable.

L. Bet.

The Careless Husband.

51

L. Bet. O barbarous Asperſion ! my Lord *Foppington*, have you nothing to ſay for the poor Women ?

L. Fop. I muſt confeſs, Madam, nothing of this Nature ever-happen'd in my Courſe of Amours : I always Judge the Beauteous Form of a Woman to be the moſt agreeable Part of her Composition, and when once a Lady does me the Honour to toſs that into my Arms, I think my ſelf oblig'd in good Nature, not to quarrel about the Reſt of her Equipage.

L. Bet. Why ay, my Lord, there's ſome good Humour in that now.

L. Mo. He's happy in a plain *Engliſh* Stomach, Madam. I could recommend a Diſh that's perfectly to your Lordſhip's Gouſt, where Beauty is the only Sauce to it.

L. Bet. So !

L. Fop. My Lord, when my Wine's right I never care it ſhould be Zettled.

L. Mo. I know ſome Ladies wou'd thank you for that Opinion.

L. Bet. My Lord *Morelove's* really grown ſuch a Churl to the Women, I don't only think he is nor, but can't conceive how he ever-could be in Love.

L. Mo. Upon my Word, Madam, I once thought was.

(*ſmiling.*

L. Bet. Fie ! fie ! how cou'd you think ſo ? I fancy now you had only a mind to Domineer over ſome poor Creature, and ſo you thought you were in love, ha ! ha !

L. Mo. The Lady I lov'd Madam, grew ſo unfortunate in her Conduct, that ſhe at laſt brought me to treat her with the ſame Indifference and Civility as I now pay your Ladyſhip.

L. Bet. And ten to one, juſt at that time ſhe neceſſarily thought you ſuch tolerable Company.

L. Mo. That I can't ſay Madam, for at that time ſhe grew ſo affected, that there was no judging of her Thoughts at all.

(*Mimicking her.*

L. Bet. What, and so you left the poor Lady?
O you Inconstant Creature!

L. Mo. No, Madam, to have lov'd her on had
been Inconstancy for she was never Two Hours to-
gether the same Woman.

(*L. Betty and L. Morelove seem to talk.*)

L. Fop. (*Aside*) Ha, ha, ha! I see he has a mind
to abuse her; so I'll ev'n give him an Opportunity
of doing his Business with her once for ever—
My Lord, I perceive your Lordship's going to be
good Company to the Lady and for her Sake I don't
think it good Manners in me to disturb you—

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. My Lord Foppington!

L. Fop. O Charles! I was just wanting thee—
Hark thee—I have three thousand Secrets
for thee—I have made such Discoveries! to tell
thee all in one Word—*Morelove's* as Jealous of
me as the Devil; heh, heh, heh!

Sir Cha. Is't Possible? has she given him any oc-
casion?

L. Fop. Only rally'd him to Death upon my Ac-
count, she told me within just now she would use
him like a Dog, and begg'd to draw off for an op-
portunity.

Sir Cha. O! keep in while the Scent lyes, and
she's your own my Lord.

L. Fop. I cant tell that, *Charles*, but I'm sure she's
fairly unharbour'd and when I once throw off my
Inclinations, I usually follow 'em 'till the Game
has enough on't; and between thee and I she
pretty well blown too, she cant stand long,
believe; for, Curse catch me, if I have not run
down half a Thousand pound after her already.

Sir Cha. What do you mean?

L. Fop. I have lost Five Hundred to her at Pic-
quet since Dinner.

Sir Cha. You are a fortunate Man, faith; you
are resolv'd not to be thrown out I see.

L. Fop.

L. Fop.

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The Careless Husband.

53

L. Fop. Hang it ! What should a Man come out for, if he does not keep up the Sport.

Sir Cha. Well push'd my Lord.

L. Fop. Tayo ! Have at her—

Sir Cha. Down ! down, my Lord—ah—'ware Hanches.

L. Fop. Ah ! *Charles : (Embracing him.)* Prithee let's observe a little, there's a Foolish Cur, now I have run her to a Stand, has a Mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see she won't stir out of her Way for him. *(They stand aside.)*

L. Mo. Ha, ha, Your Ladyship's very grave of a Sudden, you look as if your Lover had insolently recover'd his common Senses.

L. Bet. And your Lorship is so very gay and un- like your self, one wou'd swear you were just come from the Pleasure of making your Mistress afraid of you.

L. Mo. No, faith, quite contrary—For do you know, Madam, I have just found out, that upon your Account I have made my self one of the most ridiculous Puppies upon the Face of the Earth— I have upon my Faith !— nay and so extravagant— such— ha, ha, ha, that it's at last become a Jest even to my self, and I can't help laughing at it for the Soul of me ; ha, ha, ha.

L. Bet. I wan't to cure him of that Laugh now.

(Aside.)

My Lord since you are so generous ; I'll tell you another Secret : Do you know too, that I still and (spite of all your great Wisdom, and my contemptible Qualities, as your are Pleas'd now and when to call 'em .) Do you know, I say, that I am under all this, you still love me with the same helpless Passion ; and can your vast Foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary Airs you are pleas'd to give your self ?

L. Mo. O by all means, Madam, 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your Power—

L. Fop. Confusion !

(Aside.)

L. Bet

L. Bet. My Lord you have talk'd to me this half Hour without confessing Pain, (*Pauses and affects to gape*) only remember it.

L. Mo. Hell and Tortures!

L. Bet. What did you say My Lord?

L. Mo. Fire and Furies!

L. Bet. Ha! ha! he's disorder'd—Now I am easie—my Lord *Foppington*, have you a Mind to your Revenge at Piquet?

L. Fop. I have always a Mind to an Opportunity of entertaining your Ladyship, Madam.

(*L. Bet. coquets with L. Fop.*)

L. Mo. O! *Charles*——The Insolence of this Woman might furnish out a thousand Devils.

Sir Cha. And your Temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such Women——Come away—I have Business for you upon the Terrace.

L. Mo. Let me but speak one Word to her——

Sir Cha. Not a Syllable——the Tongue's Weapon you'll always have the Worst at: For see you have no Guard, and she carries a Devilish Edge.

L. Bet. My Lord, don't let any thing I've said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old Conditions; 'tis but your asking me Pardon next Day and you may give your Passion any liberty you think fit:

L. Mo. Daggers and Death!

Sir Cha. Are you Mad?

L. Mo. Let me speak to her now or I shall burn

Sir Cha. Upon condition you'll speak no more to her to me, my Lord do as you please.

L. Mo. Prithee pardon me—I know not what to do.

Sir Cha. Come along——I'll set you to Work to warrant you——Nay none of your parting Ogl'es—Will you go?

L. Mo. Now.

I. Mo. Yes — and I hope for ever —

(*Ex. Sir Cha. pulling away L. Mo.*)

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha, Did ever Mortal Monster
set up for a Lover with such unfortunate Qualifi-
cations?

L. Bet. Indeed, my Lord *Morelove* has something
strangely Singular in his Manner.

L. Fop. I thought I should have bust to see the
Creature pretend to Rally, and give himself the
Ars of one of Us ——— But, run me through, Ma-
dam, your Ladyship push'd like a Fencing Master;
that last Thrust was a *Coup de Grace*, I believe —
I'm afraid his Honour will hardly meet your La-
dyship in haste again.

L. Bet. Not unless his Second. Sir *Charles* keeps
him in better practice, perhaps ——— Well, the
Humour of this Creature has done me signal Ser-
vice to Day, I must keep it up for fear of a second
Engagement. (*Aside.*)

L. Fop. Never was poor Wit so soild at his own
Weaponsure.

L. Bet. Wit! had he ever any pretence to it?

L. Fop. Ha, ha, he has not much in Love, I think
tho' he wears the Reputation of a very pretty young
Fellow, among some sort of People; but, strike me
stupid, if ever I could discover Common Sense
in all the Progress of his Amours: He expects a
Woman should like him for endeavouring to con-
vince her, that she has not one good Quality be-
longing to the whole Composition of her Soul and
Body.

L. Bet. That I suppose, is only in a modest Hope
that she'll mend her Faults, to qualifie her self
for his vast Merit, ha, ha.

L. Fop. Poor *Morelove*, I see she can't indure him.

(*Aside.*)

L. Bet. Or if one really had all those Faults, he
does not consider, that Sincerity in Love is as much
out of Fashion as Sweet Snuff; no body takes it
now.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. O! no Mortal, Madam, unless it be here and there a Squire, that's making his lawful Court to the Cherry-cheek Charms of my Lord Bishop's great fat Daughter in the Country.

L. Bet. O what a surfeiting Couple has he put together— (*Throwing her Hand carelessly upon his*

L. Fop. Fond of me, by all that's tender—Poor Fool, I'll give thee Ease immediately. (*Aside*)—But, Madam, you were pleased just now to offer me my Revenge at Picquet—Now here's no Body within, and I think we can't make use of a better Opportunity.

L. Bet. O! no: Not now, my Lord!—I have a Favour I would fain beg of you first.

L. Fop. But Time, Madam, is very Precious in this Place, and I shall not easily forgive my self, if I don't take him by the Forelock.

L. Bet. But I have a great Mind to have a little more Sport with my Lord *Morelove* first and would fain beg your Assistance.

L. Fop. O! with all my Heart; and upon second Thoughts, I don't know but piquing a Rival in Publick may be as good Sport, as being well with a Mistress in Private: For, after all, the Pleasure of a fine Woman is like that of her own Virtue, not so much in the thing as the Reputation of having it. (*Aside.*)—Well Madam, but how can I serve you in this Affair.

L. Bet. Why, methought, as my Lord *Morelove* went out, he shew'd a stern Resentment in his Look, that seem'd to threaten me with Rebellion, and downright Defiance: Now I have a great Fancy, that you and I should follow him to the Terrace, and laugh at his Resolution before he has time to put it in Practice.

L. Fop. And so punish his Fault before he commits it! ha, ha, ha.

L. Bet. Nay, we won't give him time, if his Courage should fail to repent it.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, let me Blood, if I don't long to be at it! ha, ha.

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L. Bet. O ! 'twill be such Diversion to see him bite his Lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our Sides with laughing at nothing, ha, ha.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, I see the Creature does really like me (*Aside.*) And then, Madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a Tune in Affec-tation of his not minding us—— 'twill be so foolish, when we know he loves us to Death all the while, ha, ha, ha.

L. Bet. And at last if his Sage Mouth shou'd open in surly Contradiction of our Humour, then will we, in pure Opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not Gallant, and fashionable; Constancy shall be the Mark of Age and Ugliness, Virtue a Jest, we'll rally Discretion out of Doors, lay Gravity at our Feet; and only Love, free Love, Disorder, Liberty and Pleasure shall be our standing Principles.

L. Fop. Madam, you transport me: For if ever I was oblig'd to Nature for any one tolerable Qualification, 'twas positively the Talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this Subject —— I am impatient——my Fancy's upon the Wing already——let's fly to him.

L. Bet. No, no; stay till I am just got out, our going together won't be so proper.

L. Fop. As your Ladyship pleases, Madam——but when this Affair is over, you won't forget that you have a certain Revenge due.

L. Bet. Ay, ay, after Supper I am for you——stay, you shan't stir a Step my Lord——

(*Seeing her to the Door.*)

L. Fop. Only to tell you, you have fix'd me yours for the last Existence of my Soul's eternal Entity——

L. Bet. O, your Servant—— (*Exit.*)

L. Fop. Ha! ha! Stark mad for me by all that's handsome! Poor *Morelove*! That a Fellow who has ever been abroad, shou'd think a Woman of her spirit is to be taken as the Confederates do Towns, by a

a Regular Siege, when so many of the *French* Successes, might have shewn him the surest Way is to whisper the Governor—— How can a Coxcomb give himself the Fatigue of Bombarding a Woman's Understanding, when he may with so much Ease make a Friend of her Constitution—— I'll see, if I can shew him a little *French* Play with Lady Betty——let me see—— Ay, I'll make an end of it the old Way, get her into Picquet at her own Lodgings——not mind one Tittle of my Play, give her every Game before she's half up, that She may judge the Strength of my Inclination by my haste of loosing up to her Price; then of a sudden, with a familiar Leer cry——Rat Picquet——sweep Counters, Cards and Money all upon the Floor, & *donc*——*L'Affaire est faite.* (Exit)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE the Castle Terrace.

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy.

L. Ea. **M**Y Dear, you really talk to me as if I were your Lover, and not your Friend; or else I am so dull that by all you've said I can't make the least Guess at your real Thoughts—— Can you be serious for a Moment?

L. Bet. Not easily: But I would do more to oblige you.

L. Ea. Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without Reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord Morelove?

L. Bet. Then seriously——I think not—— But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my Symptoms—— First, I own I like his Conversation, his Person has neither Fault nor Beauty—— well enough—— I don't re-

member

member I ever secretly wish'd my self married to him, or——that I ever seriously resolv'd against it.

L. Ea. Well, so far you are tolerably safe:—— But come——as to his manner of addressing to you, what Effect has that had?

L. Bet. I am not a little pleas'd to observe few men follow a Woman with the same Fatigue and spirit, that he does me——am more pleas'd when he let's me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable Thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that Usage.

L. Ea. Have a Care, that last is a dangerous symptom——He pleases your Pride, I find.

L. Bet. Oh! perfectly: In that——I own no mortal ever can come up to him.

L. Ea. But now, my Dear! now comes the main point——Jealousie! are you sure you have never been touch'd with it? Tell me that with a clear Conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

L. Bet. Nay, then I defie him; for positively I am never Jealous in my Life.

L. Ea. How, Madam! have you never been touch'd enough to think a Woman strangely forward in being a little familiar in Talk with him? Or you sure his Gallantry to another never gave you the least Disorder? Were you never, upon no accident, in an Apprehension of losing him?

L. Bet. Hah! Why, Madam——Bless me!——why sure you don't call this Jealousie Dear?

L. Ea. Nay, nay, that is not the Business——have you ever felt any thing of this Nature, Madam?

L. Bet. Lord! don't be so hasty, my Dear——a-ny thing of this Nature——O Lud! I swear I don't feel it: Dear Creature bring me off here; for I am half frighted out of my Wits.

L. Ea. Nay, if you can railly upon't, your Wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

L. Bet.

L. Bet. Well, that's comfortably said however.

L. Ea. But come to the Point—how far have you been jealous?

L. Bet. Why—O bless me! He gave the Night to my Lady *Languish* here upon the Terrace; and (tho' She and I were very good Friends) I remember I cou'd not speak to her a Week for't—Oh!

L. Ea. Nay, now you may laugh if you can; take my Word, the Marks are upon you—come—what else?

L. Bet. O Nothing else, upon my Word Dear.

L. Ea. Well one Word more, and then I give Sentence: Suppose you were heartily convinced that he actually follow'd another Woman?

L. Bet. But, pray, my Dear, what occasion there to suppose any such thing at all?

L. Ea. Guilty upon my Honour.

L. Bet. Phah; I defy him to say that I own'd any Inclination for him.

L. Ea. No, but you have given him terrible leave to guess it.

L. Bet. If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little Reason to think so, I can assure you.

L. Ea. That I shall see presently; for here comes *Sir Charles*, And I am sure my Lord can't be so off.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Servant Lady *Betty*—My Dear how do you do?

L. Ea. At your Service my Dear—pray what have you done with my Lord's love?

L. Bet. Ay *Sir Charles*, pray how does your Lordship do? Have you any Hopes of him is he amicable?

Sir Cha. Well, Madam, to confess your Truth over me, as well as him, I own my hopes of him are lost. I offer'd what I cou'd to his Instruc-

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but he's incorrigibly yours, and undone——and the News I presume does not displease your Ladyship.

L. Bet. Fie, fie, Sir Charles, you disparage your Friend, I am afraid you don't take Pains with him.

Sir Cha. Ha! I fancy, Lady Betty, your good Nature won't let you sleep a-Nights; Don't you love dearly to hurt People?

L. Bet. O! your Servant; then without a Jest, the Man is so unfortunate in his want of Patience, that let me die, if I don't often pity him.

Sir Cha. Ha! Strange Goodness—— O that I were your Lover for a Month or two.

L. Bet. What then?

Sir Cha. I wou'd make that pretty Heart's Blood of your's ake in a Fortnight.

L. Bet. Hagh—— I should hate you, your Assurance wou'd make your Address intolerable.

Sir Cha. I believe it wou'd, for I'd never Address to you at all.

L. Bet. O! you Clown you!

(Hitting him with her Fan.

Sir Cha. Why, what to do? to feed a diseas'd Pride, that's Eternally breaking out in the Affectation of an ill Nature that——in my Conscience I believe is but Affectation.

L. Bet. You, nor your Friend have no great Reason to complain of my Fondness I believe. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Cha. (Looking earnestly on her.) Thou insolent Creature! How can you make a Jest of a Man, whose whole Life's but one continued Torment from your want of common Gratitude?

L. Bet. Torment! for my Part I really believe as easie as you are.

Sir Cha. Poor intollerable Affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly Yours, you know your Power, and the whole Pleasure of your life's the poor and low Abuse of it.

L. Bet. Pray how do I abuse it? — If I have any Power.

Sir Cha. You drive him to Extreame that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his Reason: You've almost turn'd his Brain, his common Judgment fails him; he's now, at this very Moment, driven by his Despair upon a Project in Hopes to free him from your Power, that I am sensible, and so must any one be that has his Sense, of course must ruin him with you, for ever: I almost blush to think of it, yet you unreasonable Dilettain has forc'd him to it; and shou'd he now suspect I offer'd but a hint of it to you, as in contempt of his Design, I know he'd call my Life to answer it: But I have no regard to Men in Madness. I rather chuse for once to trust in your good Nature in hopes the Man, whom your unwary Beauty had made Miserable, your Generosity would scorn to make Ridiculous.

L. Bet. *Sir Charles*, you charge me very home, never had it in my Inclination to make any thing ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray what is this Business you think so extravagant in him?

Sir Cha. Something so absurdly Rash and Bold you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

L. Bet. O fie! If it be a Fault, *Sir Charles*, I shall consider it as His, not Yours. Pray, what is it?

L. Ea. I long to know methinks.

Sir Cha. You may be sure he did not want my Dissuasions from it.

L. Bet. Let's hear it?

Sir Cha. Why this Man, whom I have known to love you with such Excess of Generous Desire, whom I have heard in his Ecstatick Praises on your Beauty talk till from the soft Heat of his Distill'd Thoughts the Tears have fall'n —

L. Bet. O! *Sir Charles* — (Blushing)

Sir Cha. Nay, grudge not, since 'tis Past, to hear what was (tho' you condemn'd it) once his Merit. But now I own that Merit ought to be forgotten.

L. Bet.

The Careless Husband.

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L. Bet. Pray, Sir, be plain.

Sir Cha. This Man I say, whose unhappy Passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his Hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my Friendship had lately flatter'd him) his Hopes of even deserving now your lowest Pity or Regard.

L. Bet. You amaze me—— For I can't suppose this utmost Malice dare's assault my Reputation—— and what——

Sir Cha. No, but he maliciously presumes the World will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely means to make 'em busie with their Tongues: For he is now this Moment upon the Terrace, in the highest publick Gallantry with my Lady *Graveairs*. And to convince the World and me, he said, he was not that tame Lover we fancied him, he'd venture to give her the Musick to the sight: Nay, I heard him, before my Face, speak to one of the Hoboys, to engage the rest, and demand they would take all their Directions only from my Lady *Graveairs*.

L. Bet. My Lady *Graveairs*! Tru'y I think my Lord's very much in the Right on't——for my part, Sir Charles, I don't see any thing in this that is very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or worse of him for't.

Sir Cha. Pshah! Pshah! Madam, you and I now'tis not in his Power to renounce you; this but the Poor Disguise of a Resenting Passion lately ruffled to a Storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will and laugh into a Calm again.

L. Bet. Indeed, Sir Charles, I shan't give my that Trouble I believe.

Sir Cha. So I told him, Madam; Are not all your complaints, said I already own to her Pride, and do you suppose this publick Defiance of it (which I know you can't make good too) won't incense me against you?—— That's what I'd have said

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he, starting wildly, I care not what becomes of me, so I live but to see her piqued at it.

L. Bet. Upon my Word, I fancy my Lord will find himself mistaken——I shan't be piqued, I believe—I must first have a Value for the Thing I lose, before it piques me : Piqued ! ha, ha, ha,

(Disordered.)

Sir Cha. Madam, you've said the very Thing I urg'd to him ; I know her Temper so well, (said I, that tho' she doated on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than shew the least Motion of Uneasiness.

L. Bet. I can assure you, *Sir Charles*, my Lord won't find himself deceived in your Opinion——Piqued !

Sir Cha. She has it !

(Aside.)

L. Ea. Alas, poor Woman ! how little do our Passions make us ?

L. Bet. Not, but I wou'd advise him to have a little Regard to my Reputation in this Business. I wou'd have him take heed of publicly affronting me.

Sir Cha. Right, Madam, that's what I strictly warn'd him of ; for among Friends, whenever the World sees him follow another Woman, the malicious Tea-Tables will be very apt to be free with your Ladyship.

L. Bet. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

Sir Cha. But alas ! Madam, 'tis not in his Power to think with Reason, his mad Resentment has destroy'd ev'n his Principles of common Honesty. He considers nothing but a senseless proud Revenge, which in this Fit of Lunacy, 'tis impossible that either Threats or Danger can dissuade him from.

L. Bet. What ! does he defie me, threaten me, then he shall see, that I have Passions too, and know as well as he, to stir my Heart against any Pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him ? Fear the little Malice of a slighted Passion, that my Scorn has stung into a despised Resentment.

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Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dares have such a Thought!

L. Ea. Dear Creature, don't disorder your self so.

L. Bet. Let me but live to see him once more within my Power, and I'll forgive the rest of Fortune. *(Walks disorder'd.)*

L. Ea. Well! certainly I am very ill natur'd; for tho' I see this News has disturb'd my Friend I can't help being pleas'd with any Hopes of my Lady *Graveair's* being dispos'd of *(Aside)* My Dear, I am afraid you have provok'd her a little too far.

Sir Cha. Oh! not at all—— You shall see—— I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a Dish of Tea.

L. Bet. I may see him with his complaining Face again——

Sir Cha. I am sorry, Madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you: I was in Hopes to have stirr'd your Pity, not your Anger; I little thought your Generosity wou'd punish him for Faults, which you your self resolv'd he should commit—— Yonder he comes, and all the World with him: Might I advise you, Madam, you shou'd not resent this Thing at all—— I wou'd not so much as stay to see him in his Fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it: Nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his Folly, as your utter Neglect of it.

L. Ea. Come, dear Creature, be persuaded, and go home with me, indeed it will shew more Indifference to avoid him.

L. Bet. No, Madam, I'll oblige his Vanity for once, and stay, to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

Sir Cha. *(Aside)* O not at all to speak of! you had as good Part with a little of that Pride of your's or I shall yet make it a very troublesome Companion to you.

Enter Lord Foppington; a little after, Lord Morelove, Lady Graveairs, and other Ladies.
(*Sir Charles whispers L. Morelove*)

L. Fop. Ladies, your Servant——O! we have wanted you beyond Reputation——such Diversion!

L. Bet. Well! my Lord! have you seen my Lord *Morelove*?

L. Fop. Seen! —— ha, ha, ha, —— O, I have such things to tell you, Madam —— you'll die——

L. Bet. O pray let's hear 'em, I was never in a better Humour to receive them.

L. Fop. Hark you.

(*They whisper*)

L. Mo. So, she's engag'd already. (*To Sir Cha.*)

Sir Cha. So much the better; make but a just Advantage of my Success, and she's undone.

L. Fop. } Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. } Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Cha. You see already what ridiculous Pain she's taking to stir your Jealousie, and cover her own.

L. Fop. } Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. } Ha! ha! ha!

L. Mo. O never fear me; for, upon my Word, it now appears ridiculous ev'n to me.

Sir Cha. And hark you—— [*whispers L. Mo.*]

L. Bet. and so the Widow was as full of Airs, as his Lordship.

Sir Cha. Only observe that, and 'tis impossible you can fail.

(*Aside*)

L. Mo. Dear *Charles*, you have convinc'd me, and I thank you.

L. Gra. My Lord *Morelove*! what do you leave us?

L. Mo. Ten thousand Pardon's, Madam, I was but just——

L. Gra. Nay, nay, no, Excuses, my Lord, so you but let us have you again.

Sir Cha. (*Aside to L. Gra.*) I see you have good Humour Madam, when you like your Company.

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L. Gra.

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L. Gra. And you, I see; for all your mighty Thirst of Dominion, could stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so!

Sir Cha. Ha! Power would make her an admirable Tyrant. *(Aside.)*

L. Ea. *(Observing Sir Charles and L. Graveairs.)* So! there's another Couple have quarrell'd too, I find—— Those Airs to my Lord *Morelove*, look as if design'd to recover Sir *Charles* into Jealousie: I'll endeavour to join the Company, and it may be that will let me into the Secret. *[Aside.]* My Lord *Foppington*, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a Part of the Company to your self.

Sir Cha. Nay, my Lord, that is not fair indeed to enter into Secrets among Friends!—— Ladies, what say you? I think we ought to declare against it.

Ladies. O! no Secrets.

L. Bet. Well, Ladies, I ought only to ask your Pardon: My Lord's excusable, for I wou'd haul him into a Corner.

L. Fop. I swear it's very hard ho! I observe two People of extream Condition, can no sooner grow Particular, but the Multitude of both Sexes are immediately up, and think their Properties invaded.

L. Bet. Odious Multitude——

L. Fop. Perish the *Canaille*.

L. Gra. O my Lord we Women have all reason to be jealous of Lady *Betty Modish's* Power.

L. Mo. *[To L. Bet.]* As the Men, Madam, all hate of my Lord *Foppington*; beside, Favourites of great Merit discourage those of an inferiour Class for their Princes Service; He has already lost you of your Reine Madam.

L. Bet. Not at all my Lord, he has only made room for another: One must sometimes make Vacancies, or there cou'd be no Preferments.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, Ladies Favours, my Lord, like Places at Court, are not always held for Life you know.

L. Bet. No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine Women wou'd be all us'd like their Wives; and no more minded than the Business of the Nation.

L. Ea. Have a Care Madam, and undeserving Favourite has been the Ruin of many a Prince's Empire.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, Upon my Soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for positively if we go on at this rate, we shall have the World throw you under the Scandal of Constancy, and I shall have all the Swords of Condition at my Throat for a Monopolist.

L. Mo. O! there's no great Fear of that, my Lord, tho' the Men of Sense give it over, there will be always some idle Fellows vain enough to believe their Merit may succeed as well as your Lordship's.

L. Bet. Or, if they shou'd not, my Lord, Caste Lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of Employment, while there are so many well dispos'd People in the World——There are generally Neglected Wives, Stale Maids, or Charitable Widows always ready to relieve the Necessities of a Disappointed Passion——and, by the way, Hark, you Sir Charles.

L. Mo. (*Aside*) So! she's stir'd I see; for all her Pains to hide it——she wou'd hardly have glanc'd an Affront at a Woman she was not piqued at.

L. Gra. (*Aside*) That Wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

L. Bet. (*Softly to Sir Charles*) Pray, how came you all this while to trust your Mistress so easily?

Sir Cha. One is not so apt, Madam, to be alarm'd at the Liberties of an Old Acquaintance, and perhaps your Ladyship ought to be at the Resentment of an Hard us'd Honourable Lover.

L. Bet. Suppose I were alarm'd, how does that make you easie?

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Sir Cha. Come, come, be wise at last ; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that as I told you before) I know his Addresses to her are only outward, and 'twill be your Fault now, if you let him go on till the World thinks him in earnest ; and a Thousand busie Tongues are set upon malicious Enquiries into your Reputation.

L. Bet. Why Sir Charles, do you suppose while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my Indifference ?

Sir Cha. But hear me Madam——

L. Gra. (*Afide.*) The Air of that Whisper looks as if the Lady had a Mind to be making her Peace again ; and 'tis possible, his Worship's being so busie in the Matter too, may proceed as much from his Jealousie of my Lord with me, as Friendship to her, at least I fancy so ; therefore I'm resolv'd to keep her still piqued, and prevent it, tho' it be only to gall him.——Sir Charles, that is not fair to take a Privilege you just now declar'd against in my Lord Foppington.

L. Mo. Well observ'd Madam.

L. Gra. Beside, it looks so affected to whisper, when every Body guesses the Secret.

L. Mo. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Bet. O ! Madam your Pardon in Particular : but 'tis possible you may be mistaken : The Secrets of People that have any Regard to their Adversities, are not so soon guess'd at as theirs that have made a Confident of the whole Town.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Gra. A *Coquette* in her affected Airs of Disdain to a revolted Lover, I'm afraid must exceed our Ladyship in Prudence, not to let the World see at the same time, she's give her Eyes to make peace with him : Ha, ha.

L. Mo. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Bet. 'Twould be a Mortification indeed, if it were in the Power of a fading Widow's Charms to prevent it ; and the Man must be miserably reduced

reduc'd sure, that could bear to live buried in
in Wollen, or take up with the Motherly Comforts
of a Swan-skin Petticoat. Ha, ha.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Gra. Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish
to their Interest: they know their own Minds and
take the Man they like, tho' it happens to be one,
that a froward vain Girl has disoblig'd, and is pin-
ning to be Friends with.

L. Mo. Nay, tho' it happen's to be one, that con-
fesses he was fond of a Piece of Folly, and after-
wards ashamed on't.

L. Bet. Nay, my Lord, there's no standing a-
gainst two of you.

L. Fop. No Faith, that's odds at Tennis, my Lord.
Not but if your Ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour
to keep your Back-hand a little: Tho' upon my
Soul, you may safely set me up at the Line: For
knock me down, if ever I saw a Rest of Wit bet-
ter play'd, than that last, in my Life—What say
you Madam shall we engage?

L. Bet. As you please My Lord.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha! *Allons! Tout de Bon, Foues-
mi lor.*

L. Mo. O Pardon me, Sir, I shall never think
my self in any thing a Match for the Lady.

L. Fop. To you Madam.

L. Bet. That's much, my Lord, when the World
know you have been so many Years teasing me to
play the Fool with you.

L. Fop. Ah! *Bien joue.* Ha, ha, ha.

L. Mo. At that Game, I confess your Ladyship
has chosen a much properer Person to improve your
Hand with.

L. Fop. To me, Madam — My Lord, I pre-
sume whoever the Lady think fit to play the Fool
with, will at least be able to give as much Envy
as the wise Person, that had not Wit enough to
keep well with her when he was so.

L. Gra. O! my Lord! Both Parties must needs be
greatly

greatly happy for I dare swear, neither will have
my Rivals to disturb 'em.

L. Mo. Ha, ha.

L. Bet. None that will disturb 'em, I dare
swear.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Mo.

L. Gra. } Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. }

Sir Cha. I don't know, Gentlefolks——but you
are all in extream good Humour, methinks; I hope
there's none of it affected.

L. Ea. I shou'd be loath to answer for any but
my Lord Fopington. (Aside.

L. Bet. Mine is not I'll swear.

L. Mo. Nor mine, I'm sure.

L. Gra. Mine's sincere, depend upon't.

L. Fop. And may the eternal Frowns of the whole
sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

L. Ea. Well, good People, I am mighty glad
to hear it. You have all perform'd extreamly well:
if you please, you shall ev'n give over your
sit now, while it is well.

L. Bet. (To her self.) Now I see his Humour, I'll
and it out, if I were sure to die for't.

Sir Cha. You shou'd not have proceeded so far
with my Lord Fopington. after what I had told you.

(Aside to L. Bet.

L. Bet. Pray Sir Charles, give me leave to under-
stand my self a little.

Sir Cha. Your Pardon, Madam, I thought a
right Understanding wou'd have been for both
our Interests and Reputation.

L. Bet. For his perhaps.

Sir Cha. Nay then, Madam, it's Time for me to
take Care of my Friend.

L. Bet. I never in the least doubted you Friend-
ship to him in any thing that was to shew your self
an Enemy.

Sir Cha. Since I see, Madam, you have so un-
grate-

grateful a Sense of my Lord Morelove's Merit, and my Service, I shall never be ashamed of using my Power henceforth to keep him intirely out of your Ladyship's.

L. Bet. Was ever any thing so insolent ! I could find in my Heart to run the Hazard of a downright Compliance, if it were only to convince him that my power, perhaps is not inferior to his.

(To her self)

L. Ea. My Lord Fopington, I think you generally lead the Company upon these Occasions. Pray will you think of some prettier sort of Diversions for us, than Parties and Whispers ?

L. Fop. What say, you, Ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the Bassett Table ?

L. Bet. Withall my Heart ; Lady Easy——

L. Ea. I think 'tis the best thing we can do, and because we won't part to Night, you shall all follow where you Din'd——what say you my Lord ?

L. Mo. Your Ladyship may be sure of me, Madam.

L. Fop. Ay ! ay ! we'll all come.

L. Ea. Then pray let's change Parties a little. My Lord, Fopington you shall Squire me.

L. Fop. O ! you do me Honour, Madam.

L. Bet. My Lord Morelove, pray let me speak with you.

L. Mo. Me, Madam ?

L. Bet. If you please my Lord.

L. Mo. (Aside) Ha ! that look shot through me. What can this mean ?

L. Bet. This is no Proper Place to tell you what it is ; but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answer'd in : I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy by and by ; and if you'll give me leave there——

L. Mo. If you please to do me that Honour, Madam I shall certainly be there.

L. Bet. That's all my Lord.

L. Mo. Is not your Ladyship for Walking ?

L. Bet. If your Lordship dares venture with me

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L. Mo. O! Madam! (*taking her Hand.*) How my Heart dances, what Heav'nly Musick's in her Voice, when soften'd into Kindness. (*Aside.*

L. Bet. Ha! his Hand trembles——*Sir Charles* may be mistaken. (*Ex.*

L. Fop My Lady *Graveairs*, you won't let *Sir Charles* leave us.

L. Gra. No, my Lord, we'll follow you——
stay a little. (*To Sir Cha.*

Sir Cha. I thought your Ladyship design'd to follow 'em.

L. Gra. Perhaps I'd speak with you.

Sir Cha. But, Madam, consider we shall certainly be observ'd.

L. Gra. Lord, Sir! if you think it such a Favour—— (*Ex. hastily.*

Sir Cha. Is she gone! let her go, &c. (*Ex. Singing.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE Continues.

Enter Sir Charles and Lord Morelove.

Sir Cha. Come a little this Way—— my Lady *Graveairs* had an Eye upon me, as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of a good Opportunity to talk with me.

L. Mo. O! we are pretty safe here—— well! you were speaking of Lady *Betty*.

Sir Cha. Ay, my Lord—— I say, notwithstanding all this sudden Change of her Behaviour, you'd not have you yet be too secure of her: For, between you and I, since, as I told you, I have profess'd my self an open Enemy to her Power with you, 'tis not impossible but this new Air of good Humour may very much proceed from a little Woman's Pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her Power.

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L. Mo.

L. Mo. Not unlikely ; But still can we make advantage of it ?

Sir Cha. That's what I have been thinking of—look you —Death ! my Lady *Graveairs* !—

L. Mo. Hah ! she will have Audience I find.

Sir Cha. There's no avoiding her—the Truth is, I have ow'd her a little Good Nature a great While,——I see there is but one way of getting rid of her——I must ev'n appoint her a Day's Payment at last, If you'll step into my Lodging My Lord, I'll just give her an Answer, and be with you in a Moment.

L. Mo. Very well, I'll stay there for you.

(*Ex. L. Mo.*)

Enter Lady Graveairs on the other side.

L. Gra. Sir Charles !

Sir Cha. Come, come, no more of these Reproachful Looks ; you'll find, Madam, I have deserved better of you than your Jealousy imagines——it a Fault to be tender of your Reputation——fie, fie,——This may be a proper Time to talk and of my Contriving too.——You see I just now shook off my Lord *Morelove* on purpose.

L. Gra. May I believe you ?

Sir Cha. Still doubting my Fidelity, and mistaking my Discretion for want of good Nature.

L. Gra. Don't think me troublesome——For confess 'tis Death to think of parting with you Since the World sees, for you I have neglected Friends and Reputation, have stood the little Insults of disdainful Prudes, that envy'd me perhaps your Friendship ; have born the freezing Looks near and general Acquaintance——Since this is——don't let 'em ridicule me too, and say my foolish Vanity undid me ; don't let 'em point at me as a Cast Mistress.

Sir Cha. You wrong me to suppose the Thought you'll have better of me when we meet : When shall you be at leisure ?

L. Gra. I confess, I wou'd see you once again

what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my Interest to part with you—Can you come to Night?

Sir Cha. You know we have Company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late—Can't it be before supper—What's a Clock now?

L. Gra. It's almost Six.

Sir Cha. At Seven then be sure of me, 'till when, I have you go back to the Ladies to avoid Suffocation, and about that time have the Vapours.

L. Gra. May I depend upon you? (Exit.

Sir Cha. Depend on every thing—A very troublesome Business this—send me once early rid on't—it ever I'm caught in an Honorable Affair again!—A Debt now, that a little ready Civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a Rent-Charge on ones Good-nature, with an unconscionable long Scroll of Arrears too, that would eat out the profits of the best Estate in Christendom—ah intolerable! Well! I'll ev'n to my Lord, and take of the Thoughts on't. (Exit.

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy.

L. Bet. I observe, my Dear, you have usually a great Fortune at Play, it were enough to make one suspect your good luck with an Husband.

L. Ea. Truly I don't complain of my Fortune either way.

L. Bet. Prithce tell me, you are often advising to it, are there those real comfortable Advantages in Marriage, that our old Aunts and Grandmothers would persuade us of?

L. Ea. Upon my Word, If I had the worst Husband in the World, I should still think so.

L. Bet. Ay, but then the Hazard of not having a good one, my Dear.

L. Ea. You may have a good one I dare say, if you don't give Aurs 'till you spoil him.

L. Bet. Can there be the same dear, full Delectation in giving Ease, as Pain? O! my Dear, the

Thought of parting with one's Power is insupportable!

L. Ea. And the keeping it, till it dwindles into no Power at all, is most ruinously foolish.

L. Bet. But still to marry before one's heart is in Love——

L. Ea. Is not half so formidable a Calamity—— but if I have any Eyes, my Dear, you'll run a great Hazard in that, in venturing upon my Lord *Morelove*—— You don't know, perhaps, that within this half Hour the Tone of your Voice strangely soften'd to him, ha, ha, ha.

L. Bet. My Dear, you are positively, one or other, the most censorious Creature in the World——and so I see, it's in vain to talk with you——Pray, will you go back to the Company?

L. Ea. Ah! poor Lady Betty! (Exit)

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Sir Charles, and Lord Morelove.

L. Mo. Charles! you have transported me! you have made my Part in the Scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I shou'd fail in it.

Sir Cha. That's what I consider'd: For now more you throw your self into her Power, the more I shall be able to Force her into yours.

L. Mo. After all (begging the Ladies Pardon) Your fine Women, like Bullies, are only those where they know their Men: A Man of an honest Courage may fright 'em into any thing! We are fully instructed, and will about it instantly. Won't you go along with me?

Sir Cha. That may not be so proper:—— besides I have a little Business upon my Hands.

L. Mo. O! your Servant Sir——Good by to you——you shan't stir.

Sir Cha. My Lord your Servant—— (Exit *L.*)

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The Careless Husband.

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So! now to dispose of my self, 'till 'tis time to think of my Lady *Graveairs*———Umph!——— I have no great Maw to that Business, methinks——— I don't find my self in Humour enough to come up to the Civil things, that are usually expected in the making up of an old Quarrel——— [*Edging crosses the Stage.*] There goes a warmer Temptation by half:——— Ha! into my Wife's Bedchamber too——— I question if the Jade has any great Business there;——— I have a Fancy she has only a mind to be taking the Opportunity of no Body's being at Home, to make her Peace with me——— let me see——— ay, I shall have time enough to go to her Ladyship afterwards——— Besides I want a little Sleep, I find——— Your young Fops may talk of their Women of Quality——— but to me now, there's a strange agreeable Convenience in a Creature one is not oblig'd to say much to upon these Occasions. (*Going.*)

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did you call me, Sir?

Sir Cha. Ha! all's Right——— (*Aside.*)——— Yes, Madam. I did call you. (*Sits down.*)

Edg. What wou'd you please to have, Sir?

Sir Cha. Have! why, I wou'd have you grow a good Girl, and know when you are well us'd. Huffy.

Edg. Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

Sir Cha. Well, don't be uneasy——— I am not Angry with you Now——— Come and kiss me.

Edg. Lard, Sir!

Sir Cha. Don't be a Fool now——— come hither.

Edg. Pshaw———

(*Goes to him.*)

Sir Cha. No wry Faces——— so——— sit down. I won't have you look Grave neither. Let me see you smile you Jade you.

Edg. Hah! hah!

(*Laughs and Blushes.*)

Sir Cha. Ah, you melting Rogue!

Edg. Come don't you be at your Tricks now———

Lard! can't you sit still and talk with one? I am sure there's ten times more Love in that, and fifty times the Satisfaction, People may say what they will.

Sir *Cha.* Well! now you're Good you shall have your own way, — I am going to lie down in the next Room; and since you love a little Chat, come and throw my Night-Gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep — (Exit.

Eag. Yes Sir ————— for all his Way, I see he likes me still. (Exit after him.

The S C E N E changes to the Terrace.

Enter Lady Betty, Lady Easy, and Lord Morelove

L. Mo. Nay, Madam, there you are too severe upon him; for bating now and then a little Vanity, my Lord *Foppington* does not want Wit some times to make him a very tolerable Woman's Man.

L. Bet. But such Eternal Vanity grows Tiresome.

L. Ea. Come, if he were not so loose in his Morals, Vanity methinks might be easily excus'd, considering how much 'tis in Fashion: For pray observe, what's half the Conversation of most of the fine young People about Town, but a perpetual Affectation of appearing foremost in the Knowledge of Manners, new Modes and Scandal; and in that I don't see any Body comes up to him.

L. Mo. Nor I indeed — and here he comes. Pray, Madam, let's have a little more of him; no Body shews him to more Advantage than your Ladyship.

L. Bet. Nay, with all my Heart; you'll second me, my Lord.

L. Mo. Upon Occasion, Madam —————

L. Ea. Engaging upon Parties my Lord?

(*side, and smiling to L. Mo.*

Enter

The Careless Husband.

79

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. So, Ladies ! what's the Affair now ?

L. Bet. Why you were my Lord, I was allowing you a great many good Qualities ; but Lady *Easy* says you are a perfect Hypocrite ; and that whatever Airs you give your self to the Women, she's confident you value no Woman in the World equal to your own Lady.

L. Fop. You see Madam how I am scandaliz'd upon your Account : But it's so Natural for a Prude to be Malicious, when a Man endeavours to be well with any Body but her self ; did you never observe she was Piqu'd at that before ? Ha ! ha !

L. Bet. I'll swear you are a provoking Creature.

L. Fop. Let's be more Familiar upon't, and give it Disorder ha, ha.

L. Bet. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Fop. Strap my Breath, but Lady *Easy* is an admirable Discoverer——Marriage is indeed a prodigious Security of ones Inclination : A Man's self to take a World of Pains in an Employment, where he can't be turn'd out for his Idleness.

L. Bet. I vow my Lord, that's vastly Generous to the fine Women, you are for giving 'em a despotick Power in Love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, Right, Madam ; what signifies duty without Power ? And a fine Woman when she's Married makes as ridiculous a Figure, as a beaten General marching out of a Garison.

L. Ea. I'm afraid, Lady *Betty*, the greatest Danger in your Use of Power, wou'd be from a too careless Liberality ; you wou'd more mind the man than his Merit.

L. Fop. Piqued again, by all that's Fretful——
—: certainly to give *Easy* is a Pleasure inexpressible.

(*To L. Bet.*)

L. Bet. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Ea.

Enter

L. Ea. Does not she shew him well, my Lord?

(Aside to L. Mo.)

L. Mo. Perfectly, and me too to my self— For now I almost Blush to think I ever was uneasie at him.

L. Fop. Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand Pardons I'm afraid I am Rude all this while.

L. Ea. O not at all, my Lord, you are always good Company, when you please: not but in some Things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine Gentlemen, a little too loose in your Principles.

L. Fop. O, Madam, never to the Offence of the Ladies; I agree in any Community with them: no Body is a more constant Churchman, when the fine Women are there.

L. Ea. O fie, my Lord, you ought not to go for their Sakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being such a Good Husband of your Virtues are not afraid of bringing your Prudence into Lamppoon or a Play.

L. Bet. Lampoons and Plays, Madam, are only things to be laugh'd at.

L. Mo. Plays now indeed one need not be much afraid of, for since the late short-sighted View of 'em, Vice may go on and prosper, the Stage dares hardly shew a Vicious Person speaking like himself, for fear of being call'd Prophane for exposing him.

L. Ea. 'Tis hard indeed, when People won't distinguish between what's meant for Contempt, and what for Example.

L. Fop. Od so! Ladies, the Court's coming home to see, shall not we make our Bows?

L. Bet. O! by all means.

L. Ea. Lady Betty, I must leave you; For I'm oblig'd to write Letters, and I know you will give me Time after Supper.

L. Bet. Well, my Dear, I'll make a short Visit and be with you.

(Exit L. Ea.)

Pray what

L. Mo.

she seem'd

L. Fop.

L. Mo.

L. Bet.

L. Fop.

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L. Ea.

Serv. Y

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The Careless Husband. 81

Pray what's become of my Lady *Graveairs* !

L. Mo. Oh, I believe she's gone home, Madam, she seem'd not to be very well.

L. Pop. And where's Sir *Charles*, my Lord ?

L. Mo. I left him at his own Lodgings.

L. Bet. He's upon some Ramble, I'm afraid.

L. Pop. Nay, as for that Matter, a Man may ramble at home sometimes—— But here come the Chaises, we must make a little more Haste, Madam——
(*Exeunt.*)

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Easy, and a Servant.

L. Ea. Is your Master come home ?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. Ea. Where is he ?

Serv. I believe, Madam, he's laid down to Sleep:

L. Ea. Where's *Edging* ? bid her get me some Wax and Paper——stay, it's no matter, now I think on't—— there's some above upon my Toilet.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

The SCENE Opens, and discovers Sir Charles without his Periwig. and Edging by him, both asleep in two easie Chairs.

Then Enter Lady Easy, who starts and trembles, sometime unable to speak.

L. Ea. Ha !

Protect me Virtue, Patience, Reason !
Teach me to bear this killing Sight, or let
Me think my dreaming Senses are deceiv'd !
For sure a Sight like This might raise the Arm
Of Duty, even to the Breast of Love ! At least
I'll throw this Visor of my Patience off :

Now

Now wake him in his Guilt,
 And barefac'd front him with my Wrongs:
 I'll talk to him 'till he blushes nay 'till he —
 Frowns on me perhaps — and then
 I'm lost again — The Ease of a few Tears
 Is all that's left to me —
 And duty too forbids me to insult,
 Where I have vow'd Obedience — Perhaps
 The Fault's in me, and Nature has not form'd
 Me with the Thousand little Requisites
 That warm the Heart to Love —
 Somewhere there is a Fault —
 But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve
 Ha! Bareheaded, and in so sound a Sleep!
 Who knows, while thus expos'd to th'unwholesome
 But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his Crime, (Air,
 And, in some languishing Distemper, leave him
 A severe Example of its violated Laws —
 Forbid it Mercy, and forbid it Love.
 This may prevent it.

[*Takes a Steinkirk off her Neck, and lays it gently on his Head.*]

And if he shou'd awake offended at my too busie
 Care, let my Heart-breaking Patience, Duty, and
 my fond Affection plead my Pardon. (Exit.

[*After she has been out some Time, a Bell rings;*
Edging wakes, and stirs Sir Charles.

Edg. Oh!

Sir Cha. How now! What's the Matter?

Edg. O! Bless my Soul, my Lady's come home.

Sir Cha. Go, go then.

(Bell rings)

Edg. O lud! My Head's in such a Condition
 too (Runs to the Glass.) I am coming, Madam — O
 lud! here's no Powder neither — Here, Madam.

(Exit.

Sir Cha. How now! [*Feeling the Steinkirk upon
 his Head*] What's this? How came it here [*Puts
 on his Wig.*] Did not I see my Wife wear this to
 Day? — Death! she cou'd not have been here,
 sure! — It could not be Jealousie that brought
 her

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Edg. Yes M

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L. Ea. He

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home—— for my coming was accidental——
 so too, I fear, might hers.—— How careless
 have I been?— Not to secure the Door neither
 —— 'Twas foolish —— It must be so!
 She certainly has seen me sleeping with her Wo-
 man —— If so, how low and Hypocrite to
 her must that Sight have prov'd me? —— The
 Thought has made me despicable ev'n to my self
 —— How mean a Vice is Lying? and how often
 have these empty Pleasures lull'd my Honour and
 my Conscience to a Lethargy --- while I grossly
 have abus'd her, poorly skulking behind a thou-
 sand Falshoods? Now I reflect, this has not been
 the first of her Discoveries —— How contemp-
 tible a Figure must I have made to her! ——
 A Crowd of recollected Circumstances confirm
 me now, she has been long acquainted with my Fol-
 lies, and yet with what amazing Prudence has she
 born the secret Pangs of injur'd Love, and wore
 an everlasting Smile to me? This asks a little
 Thinking—— something must be done——
 I'll see her instantly, and be resolv'd from her Be-
 haviour.
 (Exit.

The SCENE Changes to another Room.

Enter Lady Easy and Edging.

L. Ea. Where have you been, *Edging*?

Edg. Been, Madam! I--I--I--I came as soon as
 heard you Ring, Madam.

L. Ea. How Guilt confounds her! but she's be-
 low my Thought—— Fetch my last new Scarf hi-
 er—— I have a Mind to alter it a little——
 Make haste.

Edg. Yes Madam—— I see she does not suspect a-
 ny thing. (Exit.

L. Ea. Heigh ho! [*sitting down*] I had forgot——
 I'm unfit for Writing now—— 'Twas an hard
 conflict—— yet it's a Joy to think it over: A
 secret

secret Pride, to tell my Heart my Conduct has been Just——— How low are Vicious Minds, that offer Injuries, how much superiour Innocence they bears 'em?——— Still there's a Pleasure ev'n in the Melancholy of a quiet Conscience——— Away my Fears, it is not yet impossible——— while his Human Nature is not quite shook off, ought not to despair.

Re enter Edging with a Scarf.

Edg. Here's the Scarf, Madam.

L. Ea. So, sit down there——and, let me see here——Rip off all that Silver.

Edg. Indeed, I always thought it would become your Ladyship better without it——— But no suppose, Madam, you carry'd another Row of Gold round the Scollops and then you take and lay the Silver plain all along the Gathers and your Ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the Thing a thousand Times another Air.

L. Ea. Prithee don't be impertinet, do as I bid you.

Edg. Nay, Madam, with all my Heart, your Ladyship may do as you please.

L. Ea. This Creature grows so confident, and dare not part with her, lest he should think of Jealousie.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. So, my Dear! What, at Work! How are you employ'd, pray?

L. Ea. I was thinking to alter this Scarf here.

Sir Cha. What's amiss? methinks it's very pretty.

Edg. Yes, Sir, it's pretty enough for that Matter, but my Lady has a Mind it should be a new one per too.

Sir Cha. Indeed!

L. Ea. I fancy plain Gold and Black, would come me better.

Sir Cha. That's a grave Thought, my Dear.

Edg. O dear Sir, not at all, my Lady's much more still shon

the Right ; I am sure as it is, it's fit for nothing
at a Girl.

Sir Cha. Leave the Room.

Edg. Lord, Sir ! I can't stir——I must stay

Sir Cha. Go——

(Angrily.

Edg. [Throwing down the Work hastily, and crying
Edg.] If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burn'd.

(Exit Edging

Sir Cha. Sit still, my Dear,——I came to talk
with you——and, which you well may wonder at,
that I have to say, is of Importance too, but 'tis in
order to my Hereafter always talking kindly to
you.

L. Ea. Your Words were never disobliging, nor
I charge you with a Look, that ever had the
appearance of unkind.

Sir Cha. The perpetual Spring of your good Hu-
mour, lets me draw no Merit from what I have
appear'd to be, which makes me curious now to
know your Thoughts of what I really am : And
never having ask'd you this before, it puzzles me ;
nor can I (my strange Negligence considered)
reconcile to Reason, your first Thoughts of ven-
tring upon Marriage with me.

(Al. L. Ea. I never thought it such an Hazard.

Sir Cha. How cou'd a Woman of your Restraint
Principles, Sedateness, Sense, and tender Dispo-
sition, propose to see an happy Life with one (now
reflect) that hardly took an Hour's Pains ev'n
before Marriage, to appear but what I am ; A loose
heedless Wretch, absent in all I do, Civil, and as
soon Rude without Design, unseasonably thought-
less, easie to a Fault, and in my best of Praise, but
carelessly good-natur'd ; How shall I reconcile your
Temper with having made so strange a Choice ?

L. Ea. Your own Words may answer you——
nor having never seem'd to be, but what you re-
member were ; and through that Carelessness of Temper,
I am still shone forth to me an undesigning Hone-

fly, I always doubted of in smoother Faces : That while I saw you took least Pains to win me, you pleas'd and woo'd me most : Nay, I have thought that such a Temper could never be deliberate unkind : Or at the worst, I knew that Error from want of Thinking might be born ; at least when probably one Moment's serious Thought would end 'em : These were my worst of Fears, and these, when weigh'd by growing Love again my solid Hopes, were nothing.

Sir. Cha. My Dear, your Understanding starts at me, and justly calls my own in question : I blush to think I've worn so bright a Jewel in my Bosom, and 'till this Hour, have scarce been curious enough to look upon it's Lustre.

L. Ea. You set too high a Value on the common Qualities of an easie Wife.

Sir. Cha. Virtues, like Benefits, are double, which conceal'd : And, I confess, I yet suspect you of a higher Value far, than I have spoke you,

L. Ea. I understand you not.

Sir. Cha. I'll speak more plainly to you——be free and tell me——Where did you leave that Handkerchief?

L. Ea. Hah!

Sir. Cha. What is't you start at! You hear my Question.

L. Ea. What shall I say? my Fears confound me.

Sir. Cha. Be not concern'd, my Dear, be easy in the Truth and tell me.

L. Ea. I cannot speak——and I could wish you'd not oblige me to it——'tis the only thing I ever yet refus'd you——and tho' I want no Reason for my Will, let me not answer you.

Sir. Cha. Your Will then be your Reason, since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, 'tis fit I should be easie in my Gratitude, and make what ought to be my Shame, my Joy : let me be therefore pleas'd to tell you now, your wondrous Conduct has wak'd me to a Sense

: The Disquiet past, and Resolution never to disturb
me, you more—— And (not that I offer it as a Me-
though, but yet in blind Compliance to my Will) let
iberate beg you wou'd immediately Discharge your
t Error man.

at least L. Ea. Alas! I think not of her—— O, my
Thought, distract me not with this Excess of Good-
of Fear ss.

ve again (Weeping.
Sir Cha. Nay, praise me not; least I reflect how
little I have deserv'd it—— I see you're in Pain
give me this Confusion—— Come, I will
not shock your Softness, by my Untimely Blush
at what is past, but rather soothe you to a Plea-
sure at my Sense of Joy, for my recover'd Happiness
come: Give then to my new-born Love, what
time you please, it cannot, nay it shall not be too
and: O! it cannot be too soft for what my Soul
feels up with Emulation to deserve—— Receive
it then intire at last, and take what yet no Wo-
man ever truly had, my conquer'd Heart.

L. Ea. O the soft Treasure! O the dear Reward
long desiring Love—— Now I am blest indeed
see you kind without th'Expense of Pain in be-
ing so, to make you mine with Easiness: Thus!
as to have you mine is something more than
happiness, 'tis double Life and Madness of a-
mazing Joy. But 'was a Pain intollerable to give
me a Confusion.

Sir Cha. O thou engaging Virtue! But I'm too
w in doing Justice to thy Love: I know they
ness will refuse me; but remember I insist up-
on it—— let they Woman be discharg'd this Mi-
nute.

L. Ea. No, my Dear, think me not so low in
Reason, as to fear that, after what you've said, 'twill
be in her Power to do me future Injury:
when I can conveniently Provide for her, I'll
think on't: But to discharge her now, might let
you guess at the Occasion; and methinks I wou'd

have all our Differences, like our Endearments be equally a Secret to our Servants.

Sir Cha. Still my Superior every way—be it as you have better thought—— Well, my Dear now I'll confess a thing that was not in your Power to accuse me of; to be short I own this Creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

L. Ea. I know she is not, and was always concerned to find it so, for Constancy in Error might have been Fatal to me.

Sir Cha. What is't you know, my Dear?

L. Ea. Come I am not afraid to accuse you now——my Lady *Graveairs*—— You know my Carelessness my Dear, let all the World know it and it would have been hard indeed, had it been only to me a Secret.

Sir Cha. My Dear, I'll ask no more Questions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confess, I thought my Discretion there had been a Master-piece—How contemptible must I have look'd at this while?

L. Ea. You shan't say so.

Sir Cha. Well, to let you see I had some Shame as well as Nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady *Graveairs*, upon my first discovering that I knew I had wrong'd you: Read it.

L. Ea. [Reads] "Something has happen'd, that

"prevents the Visit I intended you; and

"could gladly wish, you never would

"proach me, if I tell you 'tis utterly inconsistent

"that I shou'd ever see you more.

This indeed was more than I had merited.

Sir Cha. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Here—Step with this to my Lady *Graveairs*.

[Seals the Letter and gives it to the Servant]

Serv. Yes Sir———Madam, my Lady *Eggs* come.

L. Ea.

Sir Cha.

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L. Ea. I'll wait on her.

Sir Cha. My Dear, I'm thinking there may be other Things my Negligence may have wrong'd you in; but be assur'd, as I discover 'em, all shall be corrected: Is there any Part or Circumstance in your Fortune that I can change, or yet make easier to you?

L. Ea. None, my Dear, your good Nature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less Occasion there than ever.

Re enter Servant.

Serv. Sir my Lord Morelove's come,

Sir Cha. I am coming——I think I told you of the Design we had laid against Lady Betty.

L. Ea. You did, and I shou'd be pleas'd to be my self concern'd in it.

Sir Cha. I believe we may employ you: I know he waits me with Impatience. But, my Dear, won't you think me tasteless to the Joy you've given me, to suffer at this time any Concern but you, to employ my Thoughts!

L. Ea. Season's must be obey'd; and since I know your Friend's Happiness depending, I cou'd not taste my own, shou'd you neglect it.

Sir Cha. Thou easie Sweetness——O! what a Waste on thy neglected Love, has my unthinking Brain committed? But Time and future Thrift of Tendernefs shall yet repair it all. The Hours will come when this soft gliding Stream that swells my Heart, uninterrupted shall renew its Course——

And like the Ocean after Ebb, shall move
With constant Force of due returning Love.

(Exeunt.)

The SCENE Changes to another Room.

And then Re-enter Lady Easy and Lady Betty.

L. Bet. You've been in Tears, my Dear, and yet you look pleas'd too.

L. Ea. You'll Pardon me, if I can't let you into Circumstances : But be satisfied Sir Charles has made me happy ev'n to a Pain of Joy.

L. Bet. Indeed I am truly glad of it ; tho' I am sorry to find that any one who has Generosity enough to do you Justice, should unprovok'd be so great an Enemy to me.

L. Ea. Sir Charles your Enemy !

L. Bet. My Dear you'll pardon me, if I always thought him so, but now I am convinc'd of it.

L. Ea. In what, pray ? I can't think you'll find him so.

L. Bet. O ! Madam, it has been his whole Business of late to make an utter Breach between my Lord Morelove and me.

L. Ea. That may be owing to your Usage of my Lord : Perhaps he thought it wou'd not Disoblige you : I am Confident you are mistaken in him.

L. Bet. O ! I don't use to be out in things of this Nature, I can see well enough : But I shall be able to tell you more when I have talk'd with my Lord.

L. Ea. Here he comes ; and because you shall talk with him——No Excuses——for positively I will leave you together.

L. Bet. Indeed, my Dear, I desire you wou'd stay then ; for, I know you think now, that I have a Mind to—to——

L. Ea. To—to——ha, ha, ha.

L. Bet. Well ! remember this.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. Mo. I hope I don't fright you away, Madam.

L. Ea. Not at all, my Lord ; but I must beg your Pardon for a Moment, I'll wait upon you immediately.

L. Bet. My Lady Easy gone !

L. Mo. Perhaps Madam in Friendship to you she thinks I may have deserv'd the Cotaness. You of late have shewn me, and was willing to give you

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(Exit)

L. Mo. O

Sir Cha. I

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you this Opportunity to convince me you have not done it without just Grounds and Reason.

L. Bet. How handsomely does he reproach me ? But I can't bear that he shou'd think I know it—

(Aside.) My Lord, whatever has pass'd between you and me, I dare swear that could not be her Thoughts at this Time ; For when two People have appear'd profess'd Enemies, she can't but think one will as little care to give, as t'other to receive a Justification of their Actions.

L. Mo. Passion indeed often does repented Injuries on both sides, but I don't remember in my Heat of Error, I ever yet profess'd my self your Enemy.

L. Bet. My Lord, I shall be very free with you—I confess I do think now I have not a greater Enemy in the World.

L. Mo. If having long loved you, to my own Disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your Enemies.

L. Bet. O, my Lord, there's no great Fear of your being my Enemy that way I dare say—

L. Mo. There's no other way my Heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

L. Bet. Fie, fie, my Lord we know where your Heart is well enough.

L. Mo. My Conduct has indeed deserv'd this Scorn, and therefore 'tis but just I shou'd submit to your Resentment, and beg (tho' I'm assur'd in vain) for Pardon. *(Kneels.)*

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. How, my Lord ? *(L. Mo. rises.)*

L. Bet. Ha ! He here ? This was unlucky. *(Aside.)*

L. Mo. O pity my Confusion ! *(To L. Bet.)*

Sir Cha. I am sorry to see you can so soon forget your self ; methinks the Insults you have born from that Lady, by this Time, shou'd have warn'd you to a Disgust of her regardless Principles.

L. Mo.

L. Mo. Hold, Sir *Charles*! While you and I and Friends, I desire you wou'd speak with Honour of this Lady—— 'Tis sufficient I have no Complaint against her and——

L. Bet. My Lord I beg you wou'd Resent this Thing no farther: An Injury like this, better punish'd with our Contempt; apparent Malice only should be laugh'd at.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! the old Recourse. Offers of any Hopes to delude him from his Resentment and then as the grand Monarch did with *Cavalier* you are sure to keep your Word with him.

L. Bet. Sir *Charles*, to let you know how far I am above your little Spleen, my Lord your Hand from this Hour.

Sir Cha. Pshaw! Pshaw! All Design! all Pique, meer Artifice, and disappointed Woman.

L. Bet. Look you, Sir, not that I doubt my Lord's Opinion of me; yet——

Sir Cha. Look you, Madam, in short your Word has been too often taken to let you make up Quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft Look, and a fair Promise you never intended to keep.

L. Bet. Was ever such an Insolence? he won't give me leave to speak.

L. Mo. Sir *Charles*!

L. Bet. No pray, my Lord, have Patience; and since his Malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the Proof on't: Pray Sir, wherein can you charge me with Breach of Promise to my Lord?

Sir Cha. Death, you won't deny it? How often to piece up a Quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and tho' you have promis'd to receive no other Company the whole Day, when he will come, he has found you among the Laugh of noisy Fops, Coquets, and Coxcombs, dissolutely Gallant while your full Eyes ran o'er with Transport at their Flattery, and your own vain Power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known thro

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throw away, at least, four Hours of your good Honour, upon such Wretches ; and the Minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, sunk into a distasteful Spleen, complain'd you had talk'd your self into the Head ach, and then indulg'd upon the dear Delight of seeing him in Pain. And by that time you had stretcht, and gap'd him heartily out of Patience, of a sudden most importantly remember you had sat out your Appointment with my Lady Fiddle-faddle ; and immediately order your Coach the Park.

L. Bet. Yet, Sir, have you done ?

Sir Cha. No——tho' this might serve to shew the Nature of your Principles : But the noble Conquest you have gain'd at last, over defeated Sense of Reputation too, has made your Fame Immortal.

L. Mo. How, Sir ?

L. Bet. My Reputation ?

Sir Cha. Ay, Madam, your Reputation——my Lord, if I advance a Falshood, then resent it——I say your Reputation——'t has been your Life's whole Pride of late, to be the common Toast of every publick Table, vain ev'n in the infamous Addresses of a marry'd Man, my Lord Poppington ; let that be reconcil'd with Reputation, I'll now shake Hands with Shame, and bow me to the low Contempt which you deserve from him ; not but I suppose you'll yet endeavour to recover him : Now you find ill Usage in Danger of losing your Conquest, 'tis possible you'll stop at nothing to preserve it.

L. Bet. Sir Charles——

[Walks disorderd and he after her.]

Sir Cha. I know your Vanity is so voracious, 'twill ev'n wound it self to feed it self ; offer him a Blank, perhaps, to fill up with Hopes of what Nature he pleases, and part with ev'n your Pride to keep him.

L. Bet.

L. Bet. Sir Charles, I have not deserv'd this of you.

[*Bursting into Tears.*]

Sir Cha. Ah! True Woman, drop him a soft dissembling Tear, and then his just Resentment must be hush'd of Course.

L. Mo. O Charles! I can bear no more, those Tears are too reproaching.

Sir Cha. Hift for your Life! [*Aside, and then aloud.*] My Lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next sight of my Lord Foppington, wou'd make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

L. Bet. My Lord Foppington! is that the mighty Crime that must condemn me then? You know I us'd him but as a Tool of my Resentment, which you your self, by a pretended Friendship to us, both most artfully provok'd me to——

L. Mo. Hold, I conjure you, Madam, I want not this Conviction.

L. Bet. Send for him this Minute, and you and he shall both be Witnesses of the Contempt, and Detestation I have for any forward Hopes his Vanity may have given him or your Malice would insinuate.

Sir Cha. Death! you wou'd as soon eat Fire, as soon part with your luxurious Taste of Folly, as dare to own the half of this before his Face, or any one, that wou'd make you blush to deny it to—— Here comes my Wife, now we shall see—— Ha! and my Lord Foppington with her—— Now now we shall see this mighty Proof of your Sincerity—— Now, my Lord, you'll have Warning sure, and henceforth know me for your Friend indeed——

Enter L. Easy and L. Foppington.

L. Ea. In Tears, my Dear, what's the matter?

L. Bet. O, my Dear, all I told you's true: Sir Charles has shewn himself so inveterately my Enemy, that if I believ'd I deserv'd but half his Hate 'twou'd make me hate my self.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. Hark you, *Charles*, prithee what is this Business?

Sir Cha. Why yours, my Lord. for ought I know — I have made such a Breach betwixt 'em — I can't promise much for the Courage of a Woman; but if hers holds. I am sure it's wide enough, you may enter ten a Breast, my Lord.

L. Fop. Say'st thou so, *Charles*? then I hold Six to Four I am the first Man in the Town.

L. Ea. Sure there must be some Mistake in this; I hope he has not made my Lord your Enemy.

L. Bet. I know not what he has done.

L. Mo. Far be that Thought! Alas! I am too much in Fear my self, that what I have this Day committed, advis'd by his mistaken Friendship, may have done my Love irreparable Prejudice.

L. Bet. No, my Lord, since I perceive his little Arts have not prevail'd upon your good Nature to my Prejudice, I am bound in Gratitude, in Duty to my self, and to the Confession you have made, my Lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

L. Mo. Ha! Is't possible, can you own so much? O my transported Heart!

L. Bet. He says, I have taken Pleasure in seeing you uneasy — I own it — but 'twas when that Uneasiness I thought proceeded from your Love; and if you did love — 'twill not be much to pardon it.

L. Mo. O let my Soul, thus bending to your Power, adore this soft descending Goodness.

L. Bet. And since the giddy Woman's Sights I have shewn you too often, have been publick, 'tis fit the last the Amends and Reparation thou'd be so: Therefore what I offer'd to *Sir Charles*, I now repeat before this Company my utter Detestation of my past, or future Gallantry, that has, or shall be offered me to your uneasiness.

L. Mo. O be less Generous, or teach me to deserve

L. Fop.

deserve it—Now blush Sir Charles, at your injurious Accusation.

L. Fop. Hah! *Pardi voila quelque Chose D'Extraordinaire.* [Aside]

L. Bet. As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him Thanks for having been so friendly an Instrument of our Reconciliation; for tho' in the little outward Gallantry I receiv'd from him, I did not immediately trust him with my Design in it; yet I have a better Opinion of his Understanding, than to suppose he cou'd mistake it.

L. Fop. I am struck Dumb with the Deliberation of her Assurance; and do not positively remember that the Non-Chalance of my Temper ever had so bright an Occasion to shew it self before.

L. Bet. My Lord, I hope you'll Pardon the Freedom I have taken with you.

L. Fop. O, Madam, don't be under the Confusion of an Apology upon my Account; for in Cases of this Nature. I am never disappointed, but when I find a Lady of the same Mind two Hours together——Madam, I have lost a thousand fine Women in my Time; but never had the ill Manner to be out of Humour with any one for refusing me since I was born.

L. Bet. My Lord, that's a very prudent Temper.

L. Fop. Madam, to convince you that I am in universal Peace with Man-kind, since you owe me so far contributed to your Happiness, give me leave to have the Honour of completing it, Joining your Hand where you have already put your's up your Inclination:

L. Bet. My Lord, that's a Favour I can't refuse you.

L. Mo. Generous indeed, my Lord.

[L. Fop. joins their Hands]

L. Fop. And flap my Breath, if ever I was better pleas'd since my first Entrance into Humour.

Sir C.

Sir. Cha. How now, my Lord ! What ! throw up
Cards before you have lost the Game ?

L. Fop. Look you, Charles, 'tis true, I did design
to have play'd with her alone : But he that will
play well with the Ladies, must sometimes be con-
sent to make one at a Poole with em : And since
now I must engage her in my Turn, I don't see
any great Odds in letting him take the first Game
with her.

Sir Cha. Wisely consider'd, my Lord.

L. Bet. And now, Sir Charles——

Sir Cha. And now, Madam, I'll save you the
trouble of a long Speech ; and, in one Word, con-
fess that every thing I have done in Regard to you
this day was purely Artificial——I saw there
was no way to secure you to my Lord Morelove, but
by alarming your Pride with the Danger of losing
him : And since the Success must have by this time
convinc'd you, that in Love nothing is more ridi-
culous than an over-acted Aversion ; I am sure you
won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your
good Nature by heartily laughing at the Fright we
put you in. Ha ! ha ! ha !

L. Ea. Ha ! ha ! ha !

L. Bet. Why——well, I declare it now, I
thought you worse than ever.

Sir Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha ! And was it afraid they
would take it's Love from it——Poor Lady
why ! ha ! ha !

L. Ea. My Dear I beg your Pardon ; but 'tis im-
possible not to laugh when one's so heartily pleas'd.

L. Fop. Really Madam, I am afraid the good Hu-
mour of the Company will draw me into your
pleasure too ; but if I were to expire this Mo-
ment, my last Breath would positively go out in a
laugh. Ha ! ha ! ha !

L. Bet. Nay, I have deserv'd it all, that's the
truth on't——but I hope, my Lord, you
are not in this Design against me.

L. Mo. As a Proof Madam, I am inclin'd ne-
ver

Sir C

never to deceive you more—— I do confess I had my share In't.

L. Bet. You do my Lord!——then I declare 'twas a Design, one or other——the best carry on, that ever I knew in my Life; and (to my Shame I own it) for ought I know, the only thing that cou'd have prevail'd upon my Temper: 'Twas a Foolish Pride, that has cost me many a bitter Tear to support it——I wish we don't both repent my Lord.

L. Mo. Don't you repent without Me, and we never shall.

Sir. Cha. Well, Madam, now the worst that the World can say of your past Conduct, is that my Lord had Constancy, and you have try'd it.

Enter a Servant to Lord Morelove.

Serv. My Lord, Mr. *Le Fevre's* below, and desires to know what time your Lordship will please to have the Musick begin.

L. Mo. Sir *Charles*, what say you? Will you give me leave to bring 'em hither?

Sir. Cha. As the Ladies think fit, my Lord.

L. Bet. O! by all means, 'twill be better here unless we cou'd have the Terrace to our selves.

L. Mo. Then pray desire 'em to come all hither immediately.

Serv. Yes, my Lord. [*Exit Servant*]

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Sir. Cha. Lady *Graveairs*!

L. Gra. Yes! you may well start! but don't suppose I am now come like a poor Tame Fool to unbraid your Guilt; but, if I cou'd, to blast you with a Look.

Sir. Cha. Come, come, you have Sense——Don't expose your self——you are unhappy, and I own my self the Cause——The only Satisfaction I can offer you is to protest no new Engagement takes me from you: But a sincere Reflection of the long Neglect, and Injuries I've done the best of Wives; for whose Amends, and on your sake I now must part with You, and all the convenient Pleasures of my Life.

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L. Gra. Have you then fallen into the Low Con-
tempt of Exposing me, and to your Wife too?

Sir. Cha. 'Twas impossible, without it, I could e-
ver be sincere in my Conversation.

L. Gra. Despicable!

Sir. Cha. Do not think it so——— for my sake
know she'll not reproach you——— nor, by
your Carriage, ever let the World perceive you've
wrong'd her——— My Dear———

L. Ea. Lady *Graveairs*, I hope you'll Sup with

L. Gra. I can't refuse so much good Company,
adam.

Sir. Cha. You see the worst of her Resentment
——In the mean time, don't endeavour to be
her Friend, and she'll never be your Enemy.

L. Gra. I am unfortunate——'tis what my
Wife has deserv'd, and I submit to it.

L. Mo. So! here's the Musick.

L. Ea. Come, Ladies, shall we sit?

After the Musick a SONG.

S Abina with an Angel's Face,
By Love ordain'd for Joy,
Seems of the Syren's cruel Race,
To Charm, and then Destroy:

With all the Arts of Look and Dress,
She fans the fatal Fire;
Through Pride, mistaken of't for Grace,
She bids the Swain expire.

The God of Love, enrag'd to see
The Nymph desire his Flame,
Pronounc'd this Merciless Decree
Against the Haughty Dame.

Let Age with double Speed o'er take her,
Let Love the Room of Pride supply,
I 2 And

The Careless Husband.

*And when the Lovers all forsake her,
A spotless Virgin let her die.*

Sir Charles comes forward with Lady Easy.

Sir Cha. Now, my Dear, I find my Happiness grow fast upon me; in all my past Experience the Sex, I found ev'n among the better Sort much of Folly, Pride, Malice, Passion, and irrel-
lute Desire, that I concluded thee but of the for-
most Rank, and therefore scarce worthy my Con-
cern; but thou hast stirr'd me with so severe
Proof of thy Exalted Virtue, it gives me Wonder
equal to my Love——If then the Unkind
Thought of what I have been, hereafter shou'd in-
trude upon thy growing Quiet, let this Reflection
teach thee to be Easie :

*Thy Wrongs. when Greatest, most thy Virtue prov'd,
And from that Virtue found, I blüsh'd, and truly lov'd*
(Exit)



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THE EPILOGUE.

*Conquest and Freedom, are at length our own,
 False Fears of Slavery no more are shown
 Nor Dread of Paying Tribute to a foreign Throne.
 All Stations now the Fruits of Conquest share,
 Except (if small with great things may compare)
 Th' Opprest Condition of the Lab'ring Player.
 We're still in Fears (as you of late from France)
 Of the Despotick Power of Song and Dance:
 For while Subscription, like a Tyrant Reigns,
 Nature's Neglected, and the Stage in Chains,
 And English Actors Slaves to swell the Frenchman's
 Gains.*

*Like Esop's Crow, the poor outwitted Stage,
 That liv'd on wholesome Play's i'th' latter Age,
 Deluded once to Sing, ev'n justly serv'd,
 Let fall her Cheese to th' Fox's Mouth, and starv'd.
 That your Judgment, as your Courage has
 Your Fame extended, wou'd assert our Cause,
 That nothing English might submit to Foreign Laws.
 If we but live to see that joyful Day,
 When of the English Stage, reviv'd we may,
 As of your Honour now, with proper Application, say.*

*So when the Gallick Fox, by Fraud of Peace,
 Had lull'd the Brittish Lion into Ease,
 And saw that Sleep compos'd his couchant Head,
 He bids him Wake, and see himself betray'd
 To Toils of Treacherous Politicks around him laid:
 He shows him how one close Hour of Gallick Thought
 Can sink whole Towns for which he Tears had Fought.*

EPILOGUE.

*At this th' Indignant Savage rolls his fiery Eyes,
Dauntless, tho' blushing at the base Surprise.
Pauses a while—— But finds Delays are vain :
Compell'd to Fight, he shakes his shaggy Main ;
He grinds his dreadful Fangs; and stalks to Blenheim's Plain.*

*There with erected Crest, and horrid Roar,
He Furious, Plunges on through Streams of Gore,
And Dyes with False Bavarian Blood the Purple
Danube Shore.*

*In one puff'd Battle frees the Destin'd Slaves ;
Revives Old English Honour and an Empire saves.*

F I N I S.



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